# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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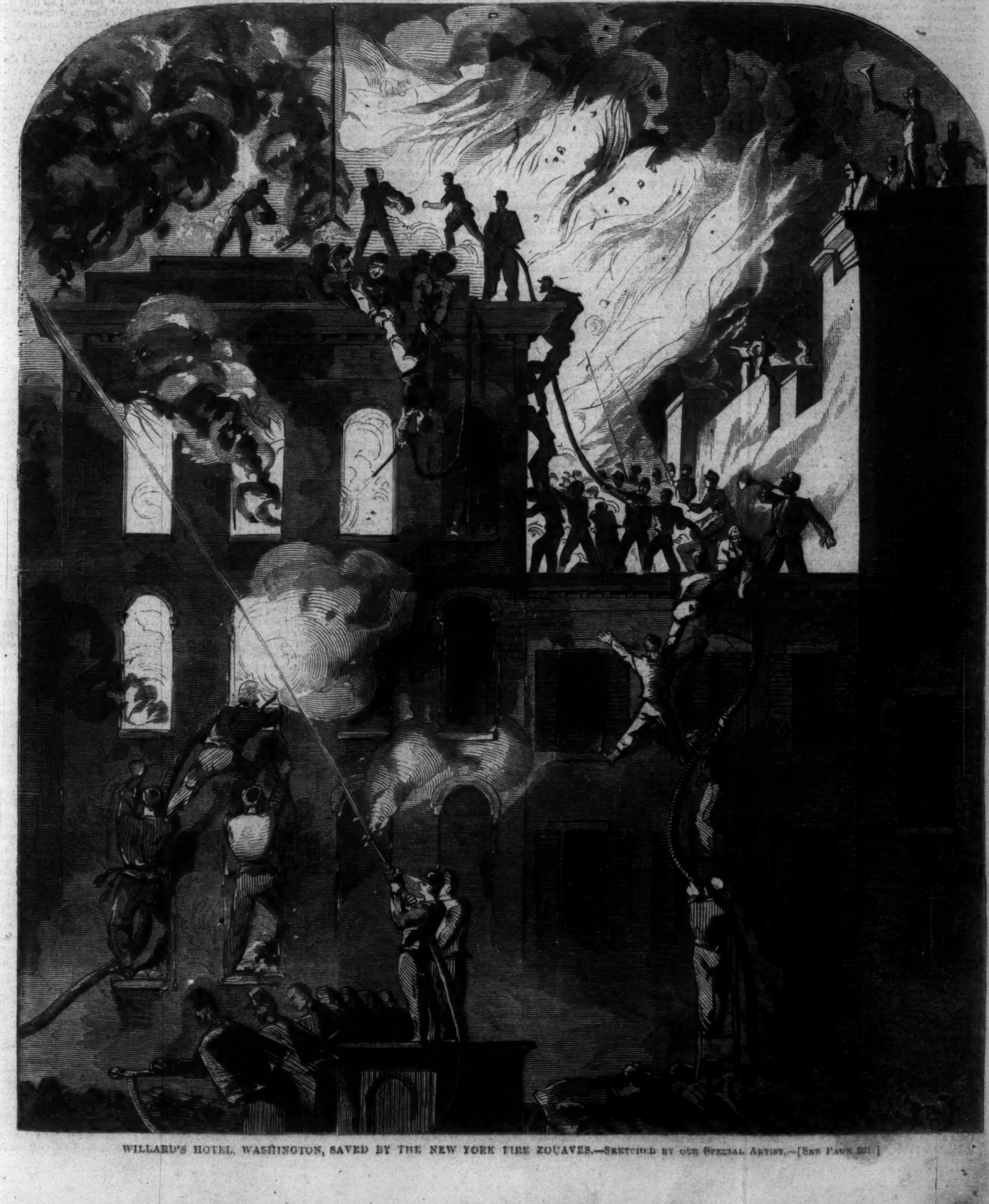


WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, SAVED BY THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page [illegible].]

## NOT DEAD.

"The Union is not dead but sleeping."
*(Motto on a New York banner.)*

The Union is not dead! Her glorious flag
  Is too near Heaven to cower in the dust;
Only to watchers seems the time to lag,
  And we are watching o'er a sacred trust.
Our country's dead are looking to us now,
  And all earth's nations, leaning breathlessly,
Are witnesses around us, as we vow
  To save our Union and our liberty.

She is not dead, but sleeping for a while,
  Till this dark night of wickedness shall break;
When the sun's warm, bright beams once more shall shine
  Upon us, she shall joyously awake.
*Crowned with the Stars that follow in her train—*
  *Bearing the Stripes aloft against her foes;*
Proclaiming peace unto our land again—
  Blessed by unnumbered hearts as on she goes!
Till then around her couch our watch we'll keep,
      And guard her in her sleep.

She sleeps, Earth trembles, men recoil in doubt;
  Murmurs of distant voices fill the air;
And from our city bursts a sterner shout—
  "Ho, brothers, to the ranks! *our flag is there!*"
Now swell your bosoms with a holy thrill;
  One moment to Jehovah bend the knee;
Then up and onward, with undaunted will!
  Go, stake your lives for truth and victory!
This is no time for us to wail and weep—
      "Our Union is asleep!"

Nay! Rather go and wake her from her sleep!
Bring back each star by traitor bands disgraced—
Each soldier's arm to grasp the sabre leap,
Till every traitor's footstep is effaced!
Then shall the Union rise in treason's wane,
      And never sleep again!

S. J. A.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

## TO OUR SOUTHERN READERS.

WE have received a number of letters from Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other Southern States, complaining bitterly of the tone of an editorial article published in *Harper's Weekly* on May 4. Some of these letters are from friends, and appeal to the Christian feelings and kindly disposition of the publishers. Others are from strangers; and of these some are simply abusive, while others threaten the proprietors of this journal with assassination if *Harper's Weekly* perseveres in opposing the destruction of the American Union.

The point which exercises these several classes of correspondents is the statement in our editorial of March 4, to the effect that civil war between the Free States on one side and the Slave States on the other will inevitably sooner or later become a war of emancipation, and that the Free States, when Northern blood begins to flow, will not fail to turn to account the chief element of weakness in the enemy.

For saying this we are accused by old friends and valued correspondents of seeking to stir up slave insurrections, and thirsting for the slaughter of children and the violation of women!

We have laid ourselves open to no such charge. No United States army will abet such slave insurrections as may endanger the safety of the defenseless portion of the Southern people. Wherever women or children are assailed, United States troops will be the first to protect them. For ourselves, we scorn to defend ourselves against a charge so monstrously untrue, so basely unjust, and so malignantly false.

At the same time, we should fail in our duty to our Southern friends if we neglected to warn them that the first great battle in which Northern blood is shed can not but hasten the destruction of the slave institution in the States where United States troops are quartered. In saying this, we express no opinion and no desire. We merely record an obvious fact. We begin the war with solicitous tenderness for the peculiar institution. Colonel Dimick, at Fort Monroe, returns fugitive slaves; General Butler, at Annapolis, offers the services of the Massachusetts volunteers to suppress slave insurrections; a volunteer company in Indiana tenders its aid for a like service in Kentucky. But our Southern friends must be very blind indeed, and very ignorant of the impulses which sway human nature, if they suppose that when, in the progress of their attempt to destroy our Government, they begin to cut the throats of our brothers and our brave boys, we shall be so complaisant as this. We should be rendering them a very poor service if we allowed them to harbor such a delusion without endeavoring to dispel it. It is better that they should understand the case clearly from the start. The United States, as a nation, have no concern with slavery. But from the hour that rebels shed the blood of citizens of the United States, war will be waged upon them by the most crushing and overwhelming methods; and among those methods the liberation of the slaves will naturally occur.

We say this, not in passion or from feeling, but simply as the calm statement of a fact as obvious as any in fixed science. Actual war between Slave and Free States ultimately involves abolition. 'Tis for the Border States to reject or accept the issue.

Some of our Southern friends accompany their abuse of this journal with a notice to the publishers to send it no more to their address. In Tennessee Vigilance Committees forbid its being sold. In Louisiana the Governor prohibits its distribution through the Post-office.

This is a matter which concerns our Southern subscribers exclusively. It is of very small consequence to us. If the people of the South don't think they get the worth of their money when they buy *Harper's Weekly*, they would exhibit great folly in purchasing it. If they do, to proscribe *Harper's Weekly* is their loss. We do not propose, in publishing this journal, to stand indebted to any man's good-will for its success. We calculate to produce such a paper that it shall be every man's interest to buy it. If we fulfill our aim, our Southern friends merely cut off their own noses when they stop our circulation among them. It is purely their affair. If they think they can do without an illustrated record of the war we will not object. We have work enough to supply the Northern demand for *Harper's Weekly*.

But we will take this opportunity of reminding those among our Southern friends who still retain capacity for calm reflection, that the ostrich has never been deemed a sagacious bird because, on the approach of danger, it buries its head in a hole so as not to see its surroundings. The proscription of books and periodicals containing doctrines hostile to those of the Southern aristocracy has been carried to a fatal length at the South. The Southern people have been kept in a state of gross ignorance by their leaders. They have only been permitted to see one side of the paramount question of the day. And the consequence is, that they have been precipitated into a causeless, wanton rebellion which must inflict immeasurable injury upon them and their best interests. If the Southern people had adhered to the maxim of one of the greatest of Southern statesmen, THOMAS JEFFERSON, and had steadfastly acted upon the great truth that "Error is harmless when truth is left free to combat it," we should not now have witnessed the most audacious and most monstrous rebellion of modern times, and the fairest portions of our country would not now have been threatened with ruin and desolation.

As for *Harper's Weekly*, it will continue, as heretofore, to support the Government of the United States, the Stars and Stripes, and the indivisible union of thirty-four States. We know no other course consistent with the duty of citizens, Christians, and honest men. If any subscriber to this journal expects us to give our aid or countenance to rebellion against the Government, he will be disappointed. If any man buys this journal expecting to find us apologize for treason, robbery, rebellion, piracy, or murder, he will be disappointed. That is not our line of business. The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* would rather stop this journal tomorrow than publish a line in it which would hereafter cause their children to blush for the patriotism or the manhood of their parents.

## ARE THE MONTGOMERY PRIVATEERS PIRATES?

OUR daily contemporaries, in discussing the principle of international law comprehended in the issue of letters of marque by Jefferson Davis, have overlooked a very important Federal precedent. In 1818 Elias Glenn, United States District-Attorney at Baltimore, applied to the Hon. Wm. Wirt, Attorney-General, for instructions respecting the *Fourth-of-July*—a privateer under that name from La Plata, and taken with a letter of marque from *Artigas*, an insurgent chief holding South American territory claimed by Portugal. The Attorney-General thus curtly advised the Baltimore official: "*I would indict the captain and crew as pirates*, under the original Act of Congress which defines piracy. The prisoners will defend themselves under the commission of *Artigas*. I would object to that commission going before the jury as evidence, on the ground that *it is not the commission of a sovereign recognized by our Government.*"

The same principle and advice will undoubtedly be applied by every nation in whose ports the Davis pirates may be found or by whose cruisers they may be captured. We recommend to the perusal of Judah P. Benjamin, Esq., Attorney-General of the Southern Confederacy, the entire letter of Mr. Wirt, in the "Official Opinions," volume first, and pages 249–253.

## THE LOUNGER.

### HOW SECESSION WORKED IN SWITZERLAND.

THE following extraordinary historical parallel is furnished to the Lounger by a most competent hand:

"The history of the attempt at secession in Switzerland, which was terminated by what is known as the Sonderbund war in 1847, as detailed by Zschokke, is remarkable and instructive in itself, and is now rendered still more so by the wonderful resemblance of the action of the rulers of our own seven rebellious States with that of the leaders of the seven dissatisfied Cantons.

"That attempt had its origin in the desire of the Catholic Cantons to recover the supremacy they had lost in consequence of the increase of population and wealth in the other Cantons, and the general diffusion of education and intelligence consequent upon the spread of Protestantism. The struggle had the appearance of relating solely to the Catholic faith, but it was really political. The policy of the reactionists was dictated by Rome, while they were encouraged by promises of assistance from France and Austria.

"The organized factious opposition to the governments of some of the liberal Cantons had become so serious that the people of those Cantons, to prevent anarchy and bloodshed, determined to secularize the convents, which were the head-quarters of the opposition and the fomentors of disturbance.

"This was done, with all due regard to the interests of those concerned, and at once an outcry was raised that the Constitution, which guaranteed the existence of those convents, had been infringed. The absolute necessity of the act, to prevent anarchy and civil war, was clearly demonstrated, but the Catholics would not be appeased.

"Insurrections took place in several Cantons: in some the reactionary party was triumphant, and party hate raged throughout the land. Zschokke says: 'The whole country was divided into two vast camps. On one side floated the holy banner of religion, calling for a restoration of the institutions of the good old time; on the other, men stood in defense of acquired popular rights, and desired a new and stronger bond of confederation.'

"At last, as a measure of conciliation, some of the suppressed convents were restored by the Cantons which had secularized them; and the Diet—in which each Canton, without regard to population, has an equal vote—decreed, by a small majority, that this was a sufficient peace-offering, and must be accepted as such.

"The Catholic Cantons demanded the restoration of all the convents, and refused to accept any compromise as a settlement. Their leaders prepared for armed resistance to the Federal Government without consulting the people. Their action was thus a violation of their own Cantonal Constitutions, as well as a rebellion against the Federal compact, though under pretext of wishing to preserve it from infringement. This was in September, 1843.

"Their plans remained secret for a long time. In the mean while they strengthened their forces; the Jesuits, who had been expelled from Switzerland, were invited into some of the Catholic Cantons to take charge of the schools; and rigorous measures were adopted to put down the liberals. In various sanguinary conflicts which took place in the Catholic Cantons the reactionists were generally successful; and the Federal Diet, in which the representatives of the refractory Cantons retained their seats, was divided, and powerless to quell the disturbances. In those Cantons, after a while, speech and the press were no longer free; liberal citizens were persecuted and driven away, their property was confiscated. The reign of terror, under the forms of government, prevailed within their boundaries.

"Exasperated by such tyrannical proceedings, the refugees and their friends, without the sanction of the governments of the liberal Cantons, organized free corps in order to remedy the evil by force of arms. Several attempts of this nature were defeated with great loss of life, and those of the free corps who fell into the hands of the reactionists, were kept in loathsome prisons until ransomed by their friends or the governments of their respective Cantons.

"The leaders of the seven Cantons, emboldened by these successes and still further encouraged by promises of aid from abroad, now boldly proclaimed the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance in the shape of a *Sonderbund* or separate league, and no longer concealed their intentions. A committee of war was established, stores of arms and munitions were collected in great quantities, the work on their border and interior fortifications was pressed day and night, their active militia was exercised incessantly, all men capable of bearing arms were disciplined, and efficient officers appointed to command. They prepared for open rebellion. The liberal governments of the other Cantons were to be deposed by force, and the recently adopted constitutions annulled. A partition of the territory of some of those Cantons was agreed upon. Jesuitism, every where predominant, was to give laws to all Switzerland. The conspirators hardly entertained a doubt of their success. They reckoned upon division and consequent impotency among the other Cantons, while they confidently relied on the invincibility of their own people, united by identical fanaticism.

"In July, 1847, the Diet assembled, and a bare majority, impressed with the imminence of the danger, rallied to the support of the Federal compact. In vain did the deputies of the Sonderbund Cantons oppose them; in vain did the representatives of other Cantons, who professed to be neutral, propose mediation. Finally, a decree was passed for the dissolution of the Sonderbund; the seizure of all arms intended for the rebellious Cantons was ordered, and they were commanded to cease their warlike preparations; the names of all Federal staff officers who remained in the service of the Sonderbund were struck from the army list; the Jesuit Cantons were requested to dismiss all members of that order, and its further admittance into Switzerland was prohibited. This was in September. The Diet then adjourned for six weeks to await the execution of their decrees, and to take the sense of the people.

"But the warlike preparations were still continued, and such citizens of the rebellious Cantons as yet remained faithful to the Federal compact were driven from their homes by renewed persecutions. The question was put to the people of Switzerland in their primary assemblies, and by their votes a legal majority of the Cantons decided that the decrees of the Diet should be carried into effect, by force if necessary.

"On the 18th October, the Diet reassembled. Still desirous to conciliate, they sent some of their own members as messengers of peace to the rulers of the seven Cantons, and addressed a proclamation to the people of those Cantons, solemnly assuring them that the rights and liberties inherited from their fathers should remain unaltered—that their religion should not be interfered with—that no oppression was intended, no nullifying of Cantonal sovereignty, no forced change in the Confederate compact—but that the existence of a separate league, endangering the welfare of the whole, could never be allowed, and they appealed to them to dissolve it while there was yet time.

"Their messages of peace were rejected with scorn, and the circulation of their proclamation was prohibited by the rulers of the Sonderbund.

"Then the Diet proceeded to serious measures. There were no Federal troops. They called upon the loyal Cantons for 50,000 men, and appointed gray-haired Dufour, of Geneva, commander-in-chief. The deputies of the seven Cantons left the Diet, appealing to God, and casting upon their opponents all responsibility for future events. But the majority remained firm. On the 4th of November they decreed the dissolution of the Sonderbund by force of arms, and issued a proclamation to that effect. Two of the Cantons, not included in the Sonderbund, voted to remain neutral, and refused to furnish their contingent, but favored the rebels by permitting the transport of arms. Still, 90,000 men responded to the call of the Diet; for the people generally felt that their liberties were at stake, and though it was a bitter thing to march against their Confederate brothers, they determined to do their duty and fight for their fatherland.

"Before the Federal forces were arrayed the rebels took the initiative, and gained some advantages. Dufour delayed the onset for a while. Disposed to act with extreme forbearance, he preferred to conquer by the display of an overwhelming force rather than by bloody violence. When fully prepared, he surrounded the principal Cantons of the Sonderbund with an immense chain of troops, closing every exit, and then marched upon Freiburg, one of the rebellious Cantons which was geographically separated from the others. On the 14th November Freiburg, disappointed in her expectations of assistance, capitulated, the rebel rulers and the Jesuits fled, a new government was instituted, and separation from the Sonderbund decreed. The Federal army then entered the territories of the other Sonderbund Cantons, and Zug, seeing herself threatened, withdrew from the league, giving a peaceful passage to the troops. On the 20th November a decisive battle took place in the territory of Lucerne, where the Sonderbund army was intrenched. The rebels were defeated, and the leaders of the Sonderbund fled by water, taking with them all the treasure they could collect. The authorities of the city of Lucerne tried to negotiate, but were compelled to surrender at discretion. The Federal troops entered as victors, and were welcomed as brothers; all the buildings were decorated with Federal flags, and acclamations of joy filled the air. Soon the smaller Cantons also capitulated, and by the 29th of November the contest was completely concluded by the submission of all the refractory Cantons. The Federal action had been so prompt that foreign powers had no time to interfere.

"Then came the reaction and the suffering. The Diet demanded from the Sonderbund Cantons the repayment of the expenses of the war, and the armed occupation of those Cantons by the Federal troops was continued until the first installment had been paid and security given for the others. Those Cantons which had refused to perform their duty as confederates were saved from similar occupation only by the payment of a heavy fine into the Federal treasury. In all those Cantons a violent reaction took place; legal proceedings were instituted against those who had been members of the rebel governments, and others who had promoted the war. They were all made to contribute largely—in some cases their estates were confiscated, and in some of the Catholic Cantons the convents were secularized by the vote of the people, and their property seized to defray the expenses incurred; but no blood flowed except in battle. The Diet, moved by the poverty of the people, afterward remitted the last installments of the war-debt.

"Thus, in the course of surprisingly few days, the Sonderbund came to an end, but the rebellious Cantons long suffered the ruinous consequences of their folly.

"May our Southern brothers take warning, and dissolve their separate league while there is yet time!"

### THE ARGUMENT FOR A STANDING ARMY.

THE latest and concluding volume of Macaulay's History, which has been published under the supervision of his sister from his revised manuscripts, opens with a debate which is peculiarly interesting to us at this moment—the debate upon a standing army. Our own Constitution is nervously jealous of military power. It is so framed as to bind the President's hands. The great fear of its makers evidently was, that the head of the state might become a military despot, and that must be avoided at any cost. They felt that the reliance of the Government to repress insurrection must be not upon a regular army, but upon the State militia; in other words, upon the people themselves in their military capacity.

But unluckily the very name militia is partly ridiculous. Not justly so, for our own history has shown what militia can do. Indeed our Revolution was the triumph of militia over a regular army. Yet the value of strict discipline is so great that, unless the militia are truly military, it will be long before they can be of real service.

Macaulay relates with picturesque vigor the substance of the debate in the English Parliament of 1697, after the peaceful acknowledgment of William Third, drawing very effective portraits of the disputants, of whom Lord Somers was chief. And the historian evidently thinks that Somers had the best of the argument. The advocates of disbanding the army, he says, laid it down as a fundamental principle of political science that a standing army and a free constitution could not exist togeth er. "History was ransacked for instances of adventurers who, by the help of mercenary troops, had subjugated free nations or deposed legitimate princes; and such instances were easily found." "What was the Lacedemonian phalanx in the best days of Lacedemon? What was the Roman legion in the best days of Rome? What were the armies which conquered at Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, at Halidon, at Flodden? What was that mighty array which Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury? In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, Englishmen who did not live by the trade of war had made war with success and glory. Were the English of the seventeenth century so degenerate that they could not be trusted to play the men for their own homesteads and parish churches?"

To this argument the reply of Somers and the army party was very brief and cogent. If the spirit of the English people was such that, almost without training, they could successfully withstand the oldest soldiers, was it not absurd to suppose that such a people could be easily reduced to slavery by their own countrymen?

Somers himself wrote a little treatise upon the text that much was to be said on both sides, and showed the advantages and disadvantages of a standing army in the Balancing Letter.

The result of the discussion was that the peace establishment was reduced to about ten thousand men.

Macaulay was a Whig, but he was always favorable to what is called a strong government, which means simply a military government. But the true and final strength of a government lies at last in the people. Only ideas are permanently strong. Now mercenary soldiers are machines. They do not think. They are not to reason, but to obey. And for that very reason they may be turned against you. The mill grinds. But it will grind the miller equally with the grist. A man thinks, and when he is willing to give his life for a cause he is more terrible than any machine. The true strength of a government lies, therefore, in men who seriously believe in the government and are willing to die for it. Such men are not soldiers who can be bought, and when they fall there are a hundred to stand in the place of each one of them.

A militia of such men is, if properly commanded, a hundred times more effective than mercenary troops. And one of the great and lasting lessons that we are likely to learn from this rebellion is that our militia must be military; that our population must be, as the people of Germany and France are, always prepared to use arms intelligently. If every man who marches now to the field were an accomplished soldier, how irresistible the army would be! Hereafter, let every citizen pay that homage at least to his country that he will understand how to handle a musket in her defense.

### THE SCHUYLKILL BOYS.

In speaking recently of the heroes who first fell, the Lounger said that the Massachusetts men were "first in the field." His attention has been called to his forgetfulness of the Pennsylvania line, which was actually first upon the ground. It is a heroic emulation, and the Lounger most cheerfully corrects his statement by the following explanation from Schuylkill County. The name of the newspaper in which it appears was not sent to him:

"On Thursday, the 18th day of April, five hundred Pennsylvanians marched through Baltimore on their way to defend the National Capital, exactly twenty-four hours before the Massachusetts regiment so bravely celebrated the battle of Lexington in the streets of that delectable city. Over 230 of these volunteers started from the borough of Pottsville on Wednesday afternoon, April 17, and of these the National Light Infantry, commanded by Captain E. M'Donald, were the very first whose services were offered to and accepted by the Secretary of War. If the volunteers from Pennsylvania did not present the handsome appearance that their brethren from the land of steady habits presented upon their appearance in Washington, they at least should not be deprived of the credit of having arrived there first. It is Schuylkill County that asks that kind of justice at the hands of the newspapers of the country, and Schuylkill County has to-day more than two thousand men in the field. Will *Harper's Weekly* please make a note of that?"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### VERY NATURAL.

A man and his wife were seated by the fire. He was intently occupied in reading—she in some domestic cares. At length he raised his eyes from his book, and said,

"It is here stated that Lot's wife looked back, and was converted into a pillar of salt, because she coveted something she had left behind;" and added, "I never thought it was for that reason."

His wife very quietly asked,

"What do you suppose induced her to look back, if it was not covetousness?"

He replied,

"I always imagined it was curiosity." And after sitting a moment, he said, "It seems to me that I should have wanted to look back if I had been in her place, should not you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I think I should, especially if I had been told not to do it."

### AN IRISH FEMALE TENANT.

"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, Madam," said a landlord last Monday to one of his tenants.

"Is it yer rint ye ax for now?"

"Yes, Ma'am, two rooms at two shillings per week each."

"Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the likes of ye must have plenty of money," replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord with great contempt.

"But, my dear woman, the money is due, and—"

"Oh, murther! is it dearing me ye are? an honest, married woman, and blessed mother of siven boys, each big enough to lick the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye munster!" and, unable to give vent to her indignation in words, she seized his coat-collar, and fairly threw him into the street.

The owner intends to let his agent collect the rent of that house in future.

* * *

A Dialogue.—We overheard the following dialogue in the street the other day between an old lady and a ditto boy:

"Mike," said the lady, "how's your mother to-day?"

"A good deal better, I guess," answered Mike; "she's being ateing some soup sitting up on her elbow this morning."

Should think she was a good deal better. Eating soup, and at the same time sitting on one's elbow, is a tolerably smart gymnastic feat for an invalid.

* * *

A young bachelor, who had been appointed deputy-sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said,

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed, and said she was happy to inform him his attachment was reciprocated.

"You do not understand me: you must proceed to court."

"I know it is leap-year, Sir, but I prefer you would do the courting."

"Mrs. P——, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting."

"The justice! why, I should prefer a parson."

* * *

"Mr. Brown, you say the witness was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so? Are you acquainted with him?"

"No, Sir, I have never seen him."

"Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?"

"'Cause he takes ten newspapers, and pays for them all in advance."

* * *

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

* * *

Donald's Definition of Slander.—"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the Catechism to her son, "what's a slander?"—"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

* * *

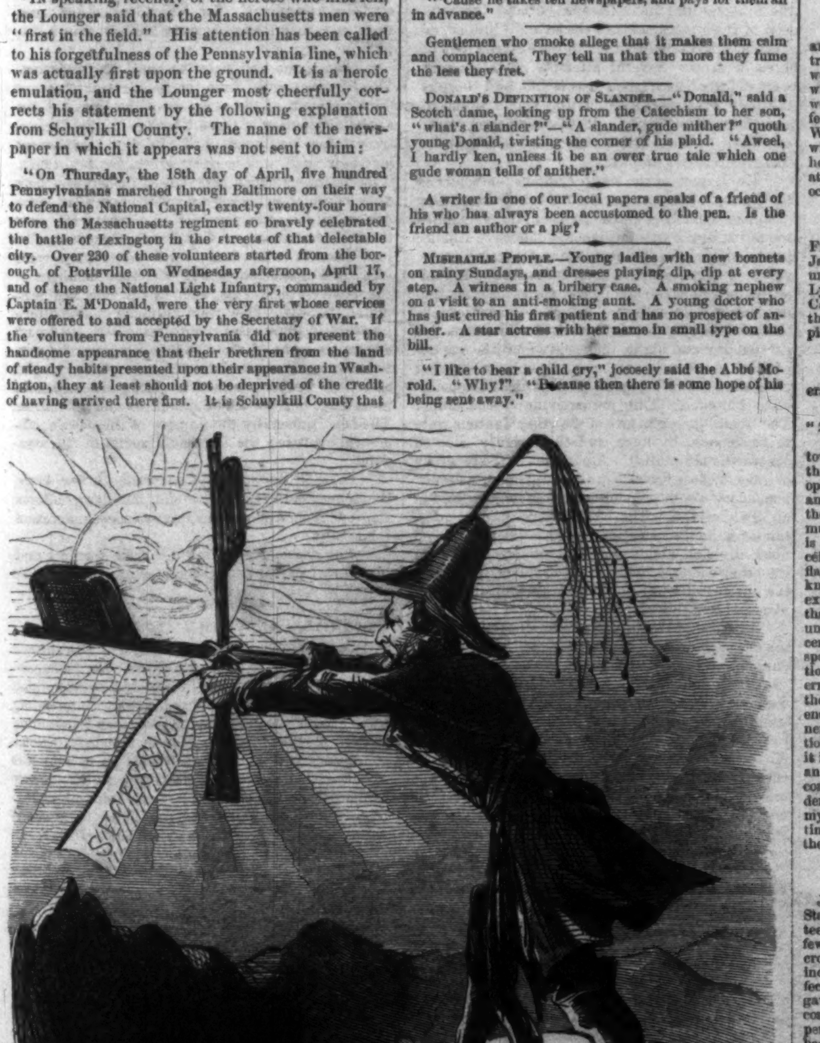
A writer in one of our local papers speaks of a friend of his who has always been accustomed to the pen. Is the friend an author or a pig?

* * *

Miserable People.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, and dresses playing dip, dip at every step. A witness in a bribery case. A smoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt. A young doctor who has just cured his first patient and has no prospect of another. A star actress with her name in small type on the bill.

* * *

"I like to hear a child cry," jocosely said the Abbé Morold. "Why?" "Because then there is some hope of his being sent away."



JEFF DAVIS SNUFFING OUT THE LIGHT.

*Housewifery.*—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among girls and wives; now out of use, or practiced only by the lower orders.

*Wealth.*—The most respectable quality of man.

*Friend.*—A person who will not assist you, because he knows your love will excuse him.

*Wedded Bliss.*—A term used by Milton.

*Bargain.*—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

*Doctor.*—A man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow.

*Tragedian.*—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

*Critic.*—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

* * *

"Doctor," said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense or knowledge."

"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

* * *

"What dogs are these?" inquired a gentleman of a lad who was drawing a couple of terriers along.

"I dinna ken, Sir," replied the boy; "they cam' wi' the railway, and they ate the direction, and dinna ken where to gang."

* * *

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

* * *

A San Francisco merchant takes a white cur, and with stencil-plate and black ink fixes his business card upon each side of the dog, and sends him forth, a locomotive advertisement—a dogerrotype of the fast people of a fast country.

* * *

He who thinks he can do without others is mistaken; he who thinks others can not do without him is still more mistaken.

* * *

When you feel pity for the poor, you do not make the most appropriate gesture by putting your hand upon your heart, but into your pocket.

* * *

"I think I have seen you before, Sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' every body."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE.

A dispatch, dated Baltimore, May 13, says: "About eight o'clock this evening a large train, filled with troops, arrived at the outer dépôt from the Relay House, containing one thousand troops, taken from each of the regiments stationed at the Relay House.

"The Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments, with a battery of artillery, marched through South Baltimore to Federal Hill, a high point of ground on the south side of the harbor, directly overlooking the city, and one mile west of Fort M'Henry.

"The sudden appearance of the troops took the citizens by surprise. They were greeted with every demonstration of approbation, and immense crowds eagerly gathered, cheering at every step, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and many brought lamps and candles to the windows. Prominent citizens accompanied the troops to the hill, and assisted the officers in taking the best route thither, and procuring quarters for the troops until tents could arrive.

"The troops seemed to be highly pleased with their reception, and all expressed surprise and delight at the commanding position and fine prospect, with the whole city and country spread out before them."

### REOPENING OF RAILWAY COMMUNICATION.

The railroad through Baltimore is open, the route clear, and the bridges all secure and well guarded. The first train from Perryville, consisting of three passenger cars well filled, arrived there on 13th. The streets through which the train passed were thronged with people, men, women, and children, and no attempt was made to interfere with it, nor was there any disturbance on the road. When the steamer *Maryland* left the dock at Perryville, with the train of cars on deck, the American flag was hoisted and saluted by the troops. Crowds lined the river at both sides and cheered vehemently. The same scene occurred at Havre de Grace and all along the route.

### WAR IN MISSOURI.

A dispatch dated St. Louis, May 10, says: "General Frost's brigade of Missouri militia, encamped at Camp Jackson, on the western outskirts of the city, surrendered unconditionally this afternoon, on demand of Captain Lyon, commander of the United States forces of this city. Captain Lyon marched on Camp Jackson with some six thousand volunteers, surrounded it, and planted eight field-pieces on the adjoining eminences."

### THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

The following letter was sent from Captain Lyon to General Frost:

"Head-quarters United States Troops,
St. Louis, *May* 10, 1861.

"*To General D. M. Frost:*

"Sir,—Your command is regarded as evidently hostile toward the Government of the United States. It is, for the most part, made up of those secessionists who have openly avowed their hostility to the General Government, and have been plotting at the seizure of its property and the overthrow of its authority. You are openly in communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy, which is now at war with the United States, and you are receiving at your camp from the said Confederacy, under its flag, large supplies of material of war, most of which is known to be the property of the United States. These extraordinary preparations plainly indicate none other than the well-known purpose of the Governor of this State, under whose orders you are acting, and whose purpose, recently communicated to the Legislature, has just been responded to by that body in the most unparalleled legislation, having in direct view hostilities to the General Government, and co-operating with the enemy. In view of these considerations, and your failure to disperse in obedience to the proclamation of the President, and of the eminent necessity of State policy, and the welfare and obligations imposed upon me by instructions from Washington, it is my duty to demand, and I do hereby demand of you, an immediate surrender of your command, with no other conditions than that all persons surrendering under this demand shall be humanely and kindly treated. Believing myself prepared to enforce the demand, one half hour's time before doing so will be allowed for your compliance therewith.

N. Lyon,
"Captain Second Infantry, Commanding Troops."

### AN ATTACK ON THE TROOPS.

Just before the troops left for the city, and while the State forces were drawn up between the two lines of volunteers, several rocks were thrown at the volunteers, and a few pistol-shots fired by excited parties in the surrounding crowd, which was composed of a large number of citizens, including many women and children. One shot took effect in the leg of Captain Blautowski, and as he fell he gave word to fire, which was obeyed by some two or three companies, resulting in the death of upward of twenty persons, including two women and several children, and badly wounding several others.

The following are the only names of those killed that can be ascertained: Messrs. Walter M'Donald, Thomas A. Havens, Nicholas Kurblach, Emily Summers.

The following are fatally wounded: Claiborne Wilson and Trueman Wright.

### A SECOND TRAGEDY.

The City of St. Louis was the scene of another terrible tragedy on Saturday night. The Home Guard, while marching through the streets, was hooted at and reviled by a large crowd of excited citizens, and finally a pistol-shot was fired into the ranks by, it is said, a boy. The troops wheeled and fired upon the crowd, discharging several volleys. Owing to a lack of discipline, they broke up their ranks and fired at random, killing and wounding some of their own men, as well as many citizens.

### STATE OF AFFAIRS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

A special Government agent has recently visited Harper's Ferry, and ascertained the exact condition of affairs there. From the nature of his statements it is evident that the Government has not so much to fear from a sudden descent from that quarter as has been apprehended. The number of troops concentrated there he puts down at 6000, of whom 200 are Kentuckians and one company South Carolinians. Only about three-fourths of the 6000 have arms, but that number is well armed. They lack provisions, however—only one day's supply being on hand at the time the agent left. Their supplies from Western Virginia had been cut off by the Union men there, and they must soon exhaust all that could be procured from the surrounding country. In the face of this scarcity a retreat was imperative unless provisions could be sent to them. The reports relative to the number who have crossed over to the Maryland side of the Potomac appear to have been exaggerated. Only 600 had crossed, and these had erected no batteries, and it was considered doubtful whether they would do so. The guns recovered from the ruins of the armory buildings do not number over 1000, and many of those are in bad condition.

### ALEXANDRIA COOLING DOWN.

The rebel troops at Alexandria appear to be fluctuating from point to point. It is said that there are not now more than one hundred and fifty men there. The steamer *Pawnee*, however, was moored in front of the city on 13th, with her guns (rifle cannon) and mortars so commanding it that they can bombard it with hot shot, grape, and shell, as well as any camp that may be located in the vicinity.

### CAPTURE OF GOVERNMENT TROOPS IN TEXAS.

We have received details of late and interesting news from Texas, giving a full account of the recent capture of about four hundred government troops, and one hundred women and children, who were *en route* for the North, by about eight hundred Confederates, who were on board three armed steamers, well lined with cotton bales to keep the men from being harmed.

### SECESSION OF ARKANSAS.

The State of Arkansas seceded on Monday by a nearly unanimous vote of her Convention. This makes the ninth State that has openly rebelled.

### UNION CONVENTION IN VIRGINIA.

The delegate to the Convention of Western and North-Western Virginia, called to deliberate upon the best means of opposing the policy of Secession, adopted by the late Convention at Richmond, assembled on 13th at Wheeling, and proceeded to business. A committee of one from each county was appointed, to whom was referred the subject of representation, and the duty of reporting officers for a permanent organization, when a short recess was taken. The subsequent proceedings consisted mainly of discussions as to the proper course to be pursued. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

### MILITARY PREPARATIONS AT MONTGOMERY.

From Montgomery we learn that the Confederate Congress, in secret session, were making arrangements for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and for putting the South in a state of complete defense. It is boasted that they have ordnance, small-arms, and ammunition to employ in the field 150,000 men for one year's campaign.

### PANIC IN VIRGINIA.

The Richmond *Examiner* howls as follows: "The Southern States are both traitors and cowards if they do not come at once to the front. All their available forces should be brought to the banks of the Potomac with the least loss of time. Especially should President Davis give Virginia the advantage of his presence. It would be worth an army of fifty thousand men. It would give confidence and authority to all the State's movement. Why do the wheels of the chariot tarry?"

### THE SOUTHERN BLOCKADE.

The blockade of the Southern ports on the Atlantic coast is now probably complete, including Charleston and the Savannah River, and those of the Gulf will soon be in the same condition, if they are not already so. The destination of the *Niagara*, which left this port several days ago, is understood to be New Orleans. The Secretaries of War and the Navy have been assiduous in their endeavors to perfect the blockade, and for this purpose, in addition to the national vessels, about twenty armed steamers from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have been and are being put in readiness. The Virginia waters are now completely invested by Federal vessels, and Captain Prendergast, the officer in command of the fleet there, has given the necessary fifteen days' notice to all vessels to leave the ports of that State, either with or without cargoes. An extension of time has been asked in several cases, but invariably refused.

### NORTHERN CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE WAR.

The contributions for the war have now reached the enormous amount of twenty-seven millions of dollars, being the free gift offerings of the patriotic people of the North, who are determined that the flag of our country shall never be brought down. These contributions, it must be borne in mind, are exclusive of sums that are less in amount than one thousand dollars, and also of private gifts to individuals in the shape of money, horses, swords, muskets, rifles, pistols, clothing, camp equipage, and other articles "contraband of war." A great many towns, too, have voted to pay the family expenses of soldiers during their absence, without appropriating any specified sum for that object.

### ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The steamship *Great Eastern* arrived up at this port on Monday morning, and anchored in the stream opposite Hammond Street. It is understood that she is to be offered for sale to our Government, or will accept a charter as a transport.

### PERSONAL.

The country will be glad to learn that Major Anderson has been promoted to a colonelcy, a reward justly due to his services and not less to his fidelity.

Colonel Mansfield, late Commandant at West Point, has been promoted to be a Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

It seems that Wigfall announces that there are one hundred thousand Southerners on their way to Washington, that Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet will be captured unless they retreat before the middle of June, and that as for Wigfall he intends to winter in Philadelphia.

There is a private in the Rhode Island regiment at Washington who is worth half a million of dollars. Our Washington correspondent states that he saw him mopping the floor of the barracks.

The formation of still another new Military Department has been rendered necessary by the exigencies of the times—that of Ohio; to consist of the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and to be subdivided into various smaller departments—the whole under the command of General M'Clellan, of the Ohio Volunteers, with the head-quarters at Cincinnati.

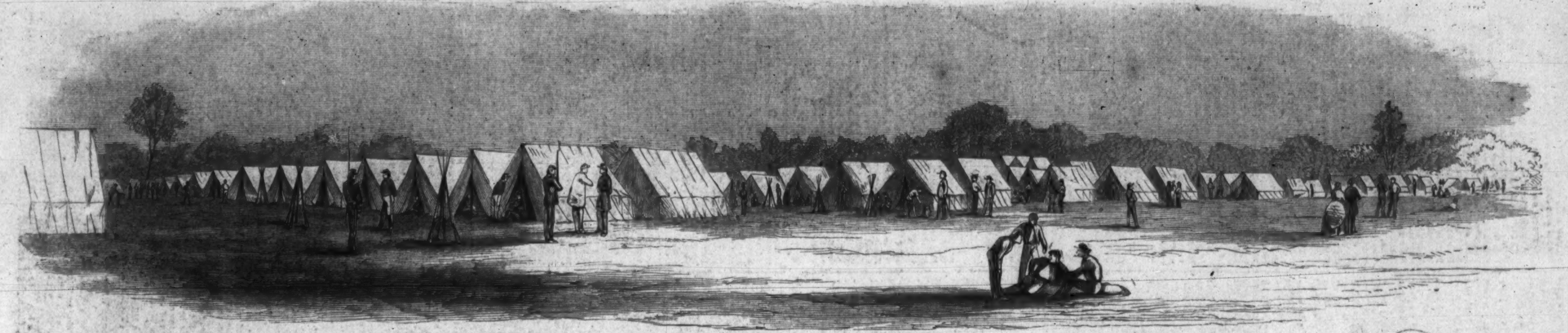
## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ITALY.

The quarrel between Garibaldi, Cavour, and Cialdini had been adjusted through the offices of the King. From Naples we have reports of further disturbances, and of the flight of large numbers of the people into the Papal territory to escape the conscription. The French troops at Rome were being relieved, and General Dumont, the successor of General Guyon, had been received cordially by his Holiness.

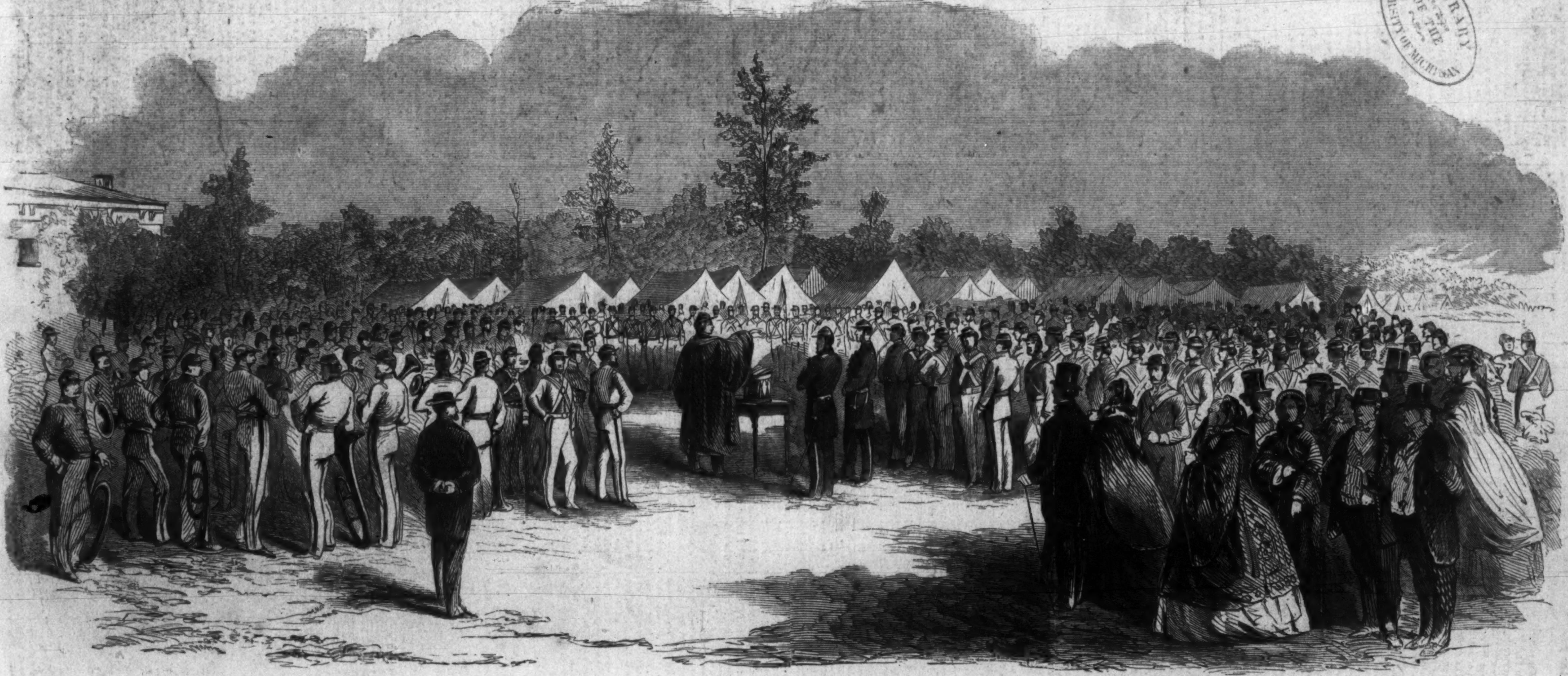
### SYRIA.

The Paris *Temps* says: "We learn from a reliable source that Turkey has proposed that 1000 French soldiers should be left at Beyrout until the reforms which have been decided upon by the European Commission have been completely carried out."



CAMP CAMERON, GEORGETOWN, D. C., THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[See Page 331.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SERVICE BY REV. DR. WESTON, CHAPLAIN OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, AT CAMP CAMERON, ON SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1861.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 331.]

# THE SECOND REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

We publish on page 328, from sketches sent us from Fort Pickens, a picture of the **Second Reinforcement** of that work on 16th ult., and herewith a view of the **Interior of the Fort**, showing the troops drawn up to hear the account of the evacuation of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson.

The second reinforcement was thus described by the purser of the *Atlantic*:

On Tuesday, the 16th, at 6½ P.M., we anchored off Santa Rosa Island (Fort Pickens being on its western extremity), four miles from shore, close by the frigate *Sabine*, the flag-ship of the squadron, Com. Adams. After communicating with the commander and the naval captains present, we took in tow the boats of the fleet, some twenty in number, and after dark weighed anchor and stood in shore, all lights being extinguished, and came to anchor within a mile of Fort Pickens, and in direct range of the guns of Fort M'Rae and the water-batteries, and three-quarters of a mile from the beach, in four fathoms of water. At 9½ the first boat pushed off for the beach, with Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs, who were the first to meet and surprise the intrepid Slemmer and his command. During the embarkation of the troops in the boats the signal from Fort Pickens for an apprehended attack was made by the sending up of rockets. This signal was repeated, and hastened the operations. Captain Vogdes and other officers in the fort were astonished at the rapidity of the reinforcement. Before midnight the majority of officers and soldiers were safely in the fort.

Early in the morning of the 17th the remaining troops were landed, excepting the artillery men of Captain Barry's Company, who remained to land with their horses. At 8 A.M. we again weighed anchor and stood to the eastward, and anchored about 3½ miles from Fort Pickens, and half a mile from the beach. This point was selected as the best place for landing the horses. This difficult work was commenced in the afternoon, continued during the night, and finished on the morning of the 18th.

The *Illinois*, with reinforcements, arrived at midnight on Friday the 19th, and her troops were landed the next morning.

Seven of the horses were lost—four died on the passage; one was drowned alongside; one had his neck broken in the surf, and one died from exhaustion on reaching the shore. The forage and light artillery were landed simultaneously with the horses. On the 18th the landing of the general cargo of heavy and light ordnance, ammunition, provisions, etc., etc., was fairly commenced, and continued, with but partial interruption, until the forenoon of Tuesday 23d, when she was finally discharged, to the great gratification of all concerned.

The position of the *Powhatan* and *Brooklyn* was such that their guns could sweep Santa Rosa Island and prevent a landing from the main land, and at the same time shielded the hull of the *Atlantic*.

Our regular correspondent in the Fort thus writes us concerning the second picture:

Fort Pickens, Florida, *May* 2, 1861.

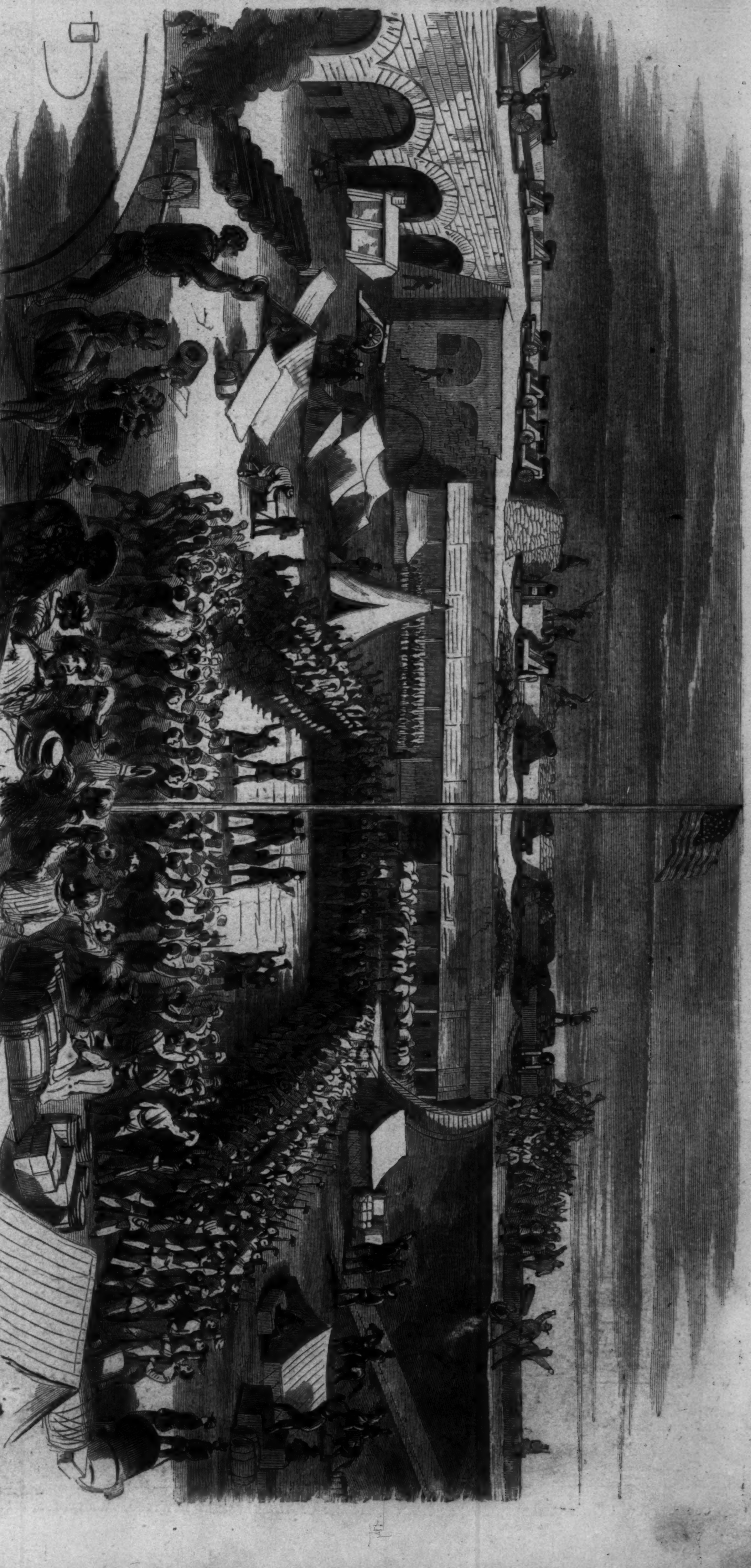
On the evening of April 30 the command was drawn up in the manner represented in the engraving, and the first authentic news of Major Anderson's defense was read out to them in the form of an order, which at the same time exhorted us to "emulate the example of our gallant comrades at Sumter." In publishing this order to his command, Colonel Brown instilled, if possible, a new enthusiasm—at least the loud cheering that heralded it was the indication of a feeling that days and nights of toil could not obliterate. Events, since the landing on the 13th of April of the first reinforcement, have succeeded each other too rapidly to give now a connected and detailed account of them. The men have worked hard and cheerfully. No despondency, no feeling like lead creeps over them; no idea that the Government is going to pieces; and nothing but a steady, firm reliance on the beautiful flag that for years they have fought under sustains them. Sometimes, it is true, the sad feeling creeps over one that there are dear ones at home whose heart-strings are strained at the perhaps-to-be long separation; but then comes the thought that the harder we work the quicker will end this sad struggle between brothers.

The parade-ground is littered up with little shelters made of staves inclined against guns, blankets stretched on poles, sides of pent-houses broken off and held up by sticks. All of these little huts are so small that the men just creep into them, and have not room to sit up. It does look more like a miniature Babel, with the little huts, big guns and mortars, and prancing horses, officers, soldiers, marines, and sailors, citizen carpenters, negroes, camp-women and children; and when the clear bugle rings out at tattoo how suddenly this wild confusion all ceases!

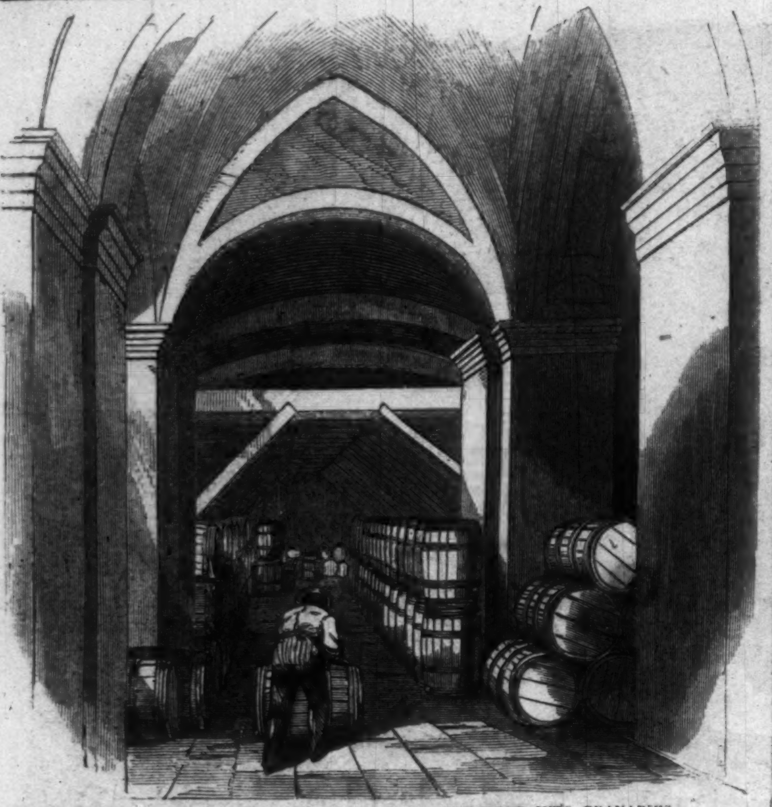
We have been permitted to print the following graphic account of the first reinforcement of Pickens which we illustrated last week:

### HOW IT WAS DONE.

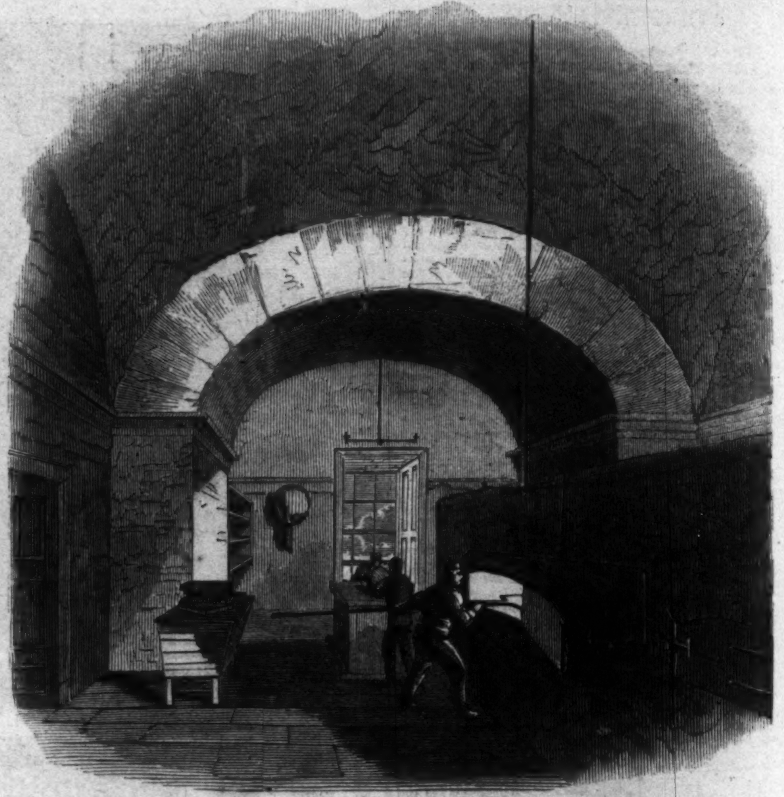
The immediate cause of the reinforcement was this: You know of that obstinate fellow, Lieutenant Slemmer, who would not be persuaded that he had been posted in this part of Florida by the Government for any other purpose than to preserve to the nation the property committed to his honorable care. This gallant Slemmer, with a handful of men to garrison an extensive fortification, having for some time suspected that the enemy was tampering with his men, intercepted a couple of letters which had been smuggled into Pickens and addressed to a sergeant. The writer offered this man a sum of two thousand dollars, a commission, which would make him the companion of the gentlemen of the South who are in arms; and, as an inducement to the faithful fellows who for so long have held these stone walls against thousands, five hundred dollars were promised for every private who at that price would become a traitor to the United States. The men, true soldiers as they are, remained steadfast to their colors—those glorious Stripes and Stars, that carry the hope of freedom to the oppressed of every land! The sergeant was forthwith sent a prisoner to the commander of the naval force lying off the harbor, and by him was transferred to a steam frigate, where he remains in durance. This foul play, bad enough in time of actual war, and unpardonable during a truce, would perhaps have stimulated the naval commander to reinforce the fortress; and had he decided to do so it would have been a happy idea, for that very day arrived a messenger from Washington, bringing a verbal order making the reinforcement imperative. This messenger had been captured, but had destroyed his dispatches, the contents of which luckily he knew. Well, the order was passed to throw into Pickens all the artillery, soldiers, and marines in the squadron. Ninety artillerymen, and a hundred and ten marines, led by men who never—well, I won't say how they were led, for you know what sort of men your husbands, and brothers, and sons are, and what they will do when the time comes for them to *act*. Every preparation was made. We awaited night—I say *we*, for I was one of them. I had no notion of going until an hour or two before our party left the ship. I need not have gone; for the usage of the service required me, the only medical officer of the ship, to remain with the majority of our men, and none but our marines were to go. While I was sitting at the mess-table, leaning on my elbows, and while I looked at the little lieutenant who was to land our party, I unconsciously began repeating the lines, "How sleep the brave who sink to rest." Suddenly I thought of the marines! Poor fellows! if that ugly Fort M'Crae opens on the boats, or on the men as they stand upon the beach, there will be lots of bloody noses and broken legs, and a cry of "Where's the docther?" Well, I determined to go, if my Captain would let me. So I said to the young hero who was buckling on his revolver as pleasantly as if he were going to make an evening call on his sweet-heart, "George," said I, "how would you like me to keep you company?" "First rate," said he. "Well," said I, "ask the Captain, and if he consents I'll get ready; it won't take me long." George saw the Captain, and soon returned, saying, "The Captain says you may go if you want to." It did not occur to me at the time, but it struck me when I was in the boat, that if I got a shot intended for a combatant, Maud might have whistled for a pension, for I had



EVENING PARADE AT FORT PICKENS—COLONEL BROWN ANNOUNCING TO HIS MEN MAJOR ANDERSON'S GALLANT DEFENSE AT FORT SUMTER.—[Sketched by an Officer of the Garrison.]



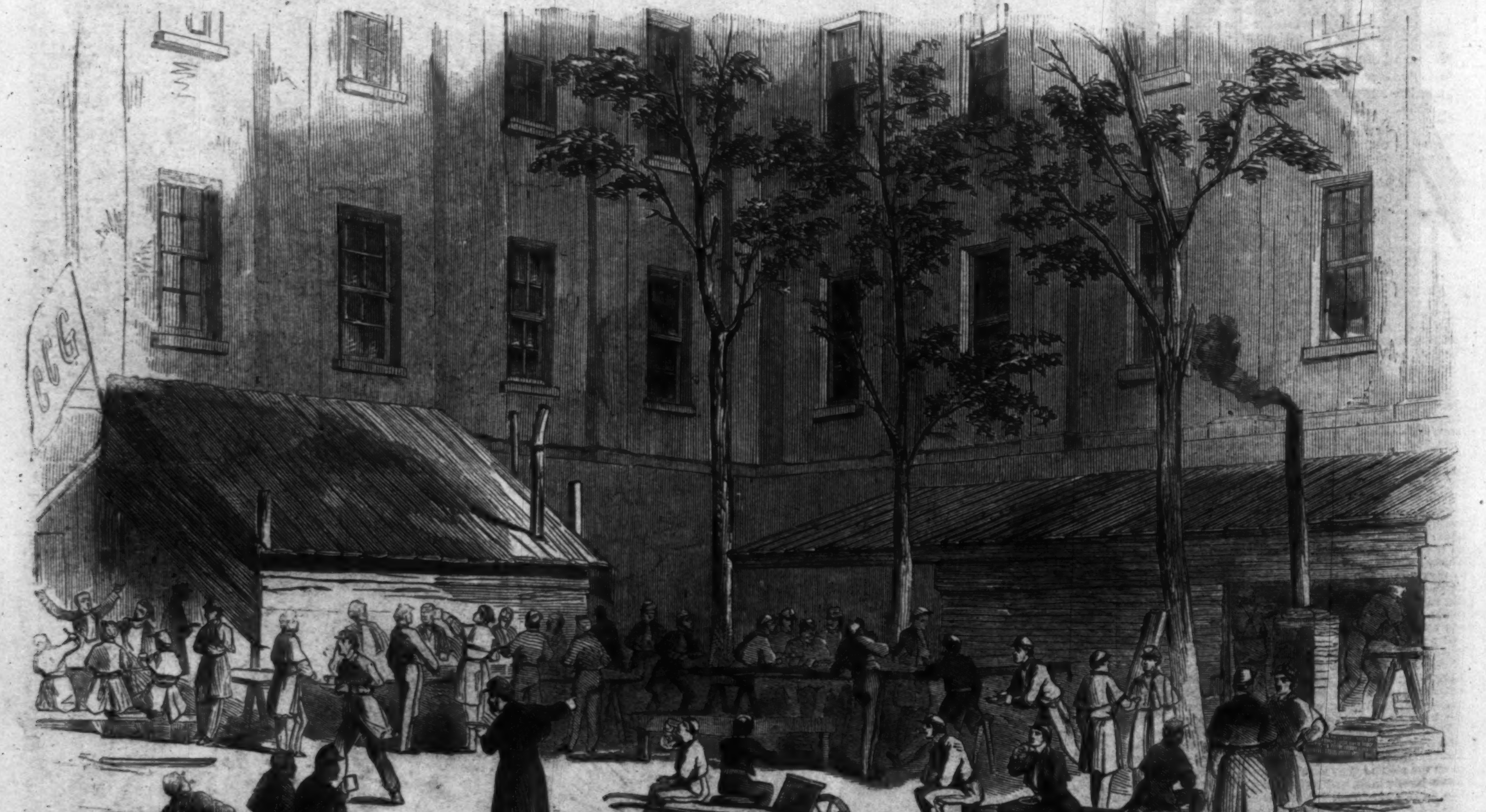
GALLERIES UNDER THE SENATE CHAMBER CONVERTED INTO GRANARIES.
Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 331.]



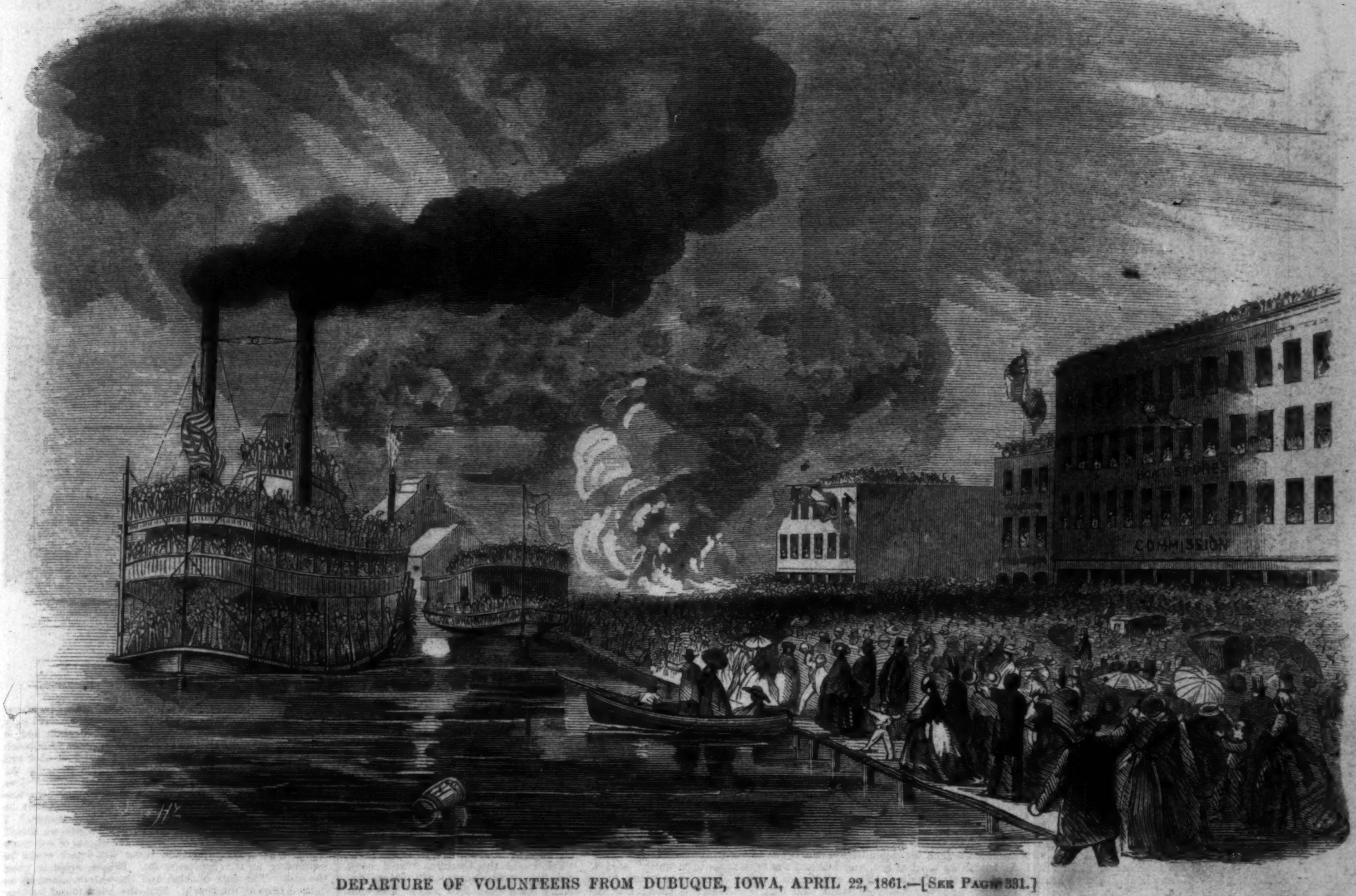
BREAD OVENS IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.
Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 331.]

*permission* to accompany the men, but no *orders* to do so. Well, we were all ready. It was the night of the 12th of April. George, with cutlass and pistol—I, with tourniquets, bandages, and lint, and all necessaries stowed in my pockets. At my side hung my tremendous sabre. "Boat ready, Sir." "Very good." "Here, Purser, take this letter, and if I don't return give it to my wife. I've a month's pay due, have not I?" "All right, Doctor." Every one was in the boat. I could hear the hum of the men's voices as I stepped over the ship's side: but the night was too dark for me to see. "Look out, Docther!" said Private Walsh's voice—"look out, Sir, as ye come down, for the last batten's not there, Sir." "All right," said I; "I hope your bayonets are not fixed men, for I'm going to drop among you." "Niver a bagnet, Sir. Dhrap an me, Docther, I'm the fleshiest." "Who are you?" "Big Walsh, Sir." "Here goes," said I, and fell, partly on Walsh, partly on Corporal Murphy, the full weight of my body being received by a pile of knapsacks and the barrel of a musket, which got between my legs. "Och! bud they're cruel sharp, yer bones is, Sir! They're nigh as sharp as is bagnets, Sir. It's the bones you sets on I manes, Sir," said Carey. "By the powers!" said he—he had been feeling around my coat-tails—"I axes yere pardon, Sir; it's niver yere bones at all, Sir, but wan of thim sharp docther's things ye've in ye're pockets—bad 'cess to the same!" "Don't say that, my man," said I, "for who knows but it will save your life before morning?" "Thar now, Pandrig," said he; "*thrue* fur ye. Does it be hurtin' much when it's an, Docther?" I could not reply, for the muzzle of a musket was poked in my eye. "Kape yere musket off the Docther's face, will ye now, Brennan?" said Carey. "Who knows bud it'll go aff, and we may be wantin' his brains before we're done wid him?" "Sure there's niver no cap an it," said Brennan. "Kape it aff his face, I tell ye; I've knowed muskits to go aff, an' niver no cap near 'em," said Carey. "Where shall I spit," said I, "in all this crowd?" for I was chewing the weed, as is my wont. "Spit ony wheres, Docther dear; sure we'll not be mindin' it from you, av ye spit an us—here, Sir, spit down Jerry Brennan's muskit, Sir; 'twas him shoved it in yere face for that same, Sir." Well, I used Brennan's musket-barrel, though it was by no means convenient.

We had shoved off, and were struggling hard against the tide to reach the steam-frigate which was to tow us in. At length we reached her, and I seized the man-ropes to climb her steep sides: "Sure and that's a cruel climb, Docther, and you wid yere sthiff ould legs." "Watch 'till she rises," said the coxswain; "now's your time, Sir." I hauled my rheumatic limbs painfully up, trusting to my hands, and reached the deck. Here artillery-men and marines were assembled; and on deck I left them to go below, where cigars, coffee, and chat awaited me, and in which I indulged until the steamer came to anchor, and I was summoned to repair to another and smaller steam-vessel which was to tow us in farther. It was two o'clock in the morning as we got aboard the small steamer, and ran in toward the shore of Santa Rosa. The first detachment of boats must have landed its party under cover of the obscurity; for the young moon had long since gone down, leaving the sentinel stars to give us a faint light. On we steamed, and by-and-by came to and dropped anchor at least two miles from Fort Pickens. "Come, men, bear a hand—no time to lose!" said my Captain; and down the steamer's side tumbled the men into the boats. A senior surgeon and I jumped into the Captain's gig, into which he followed, and away we went—two long miles to pull against a tideway. "Lively stroke, lads, give way!" The oars bent, and every blade shone as it flashed through the phosphorescent water. On, on, on! How long those miles seemed! We conversed gravely, occasionally looking aft to see whether the boats were keeping way with us. We conversed gravely, for I suppose we were all speculating on what might be the manner of our return. I take no shame to myself in confessing that I did not hold a very cheerful view of the expedition. The first detachment of boats was returning as we started. Night had favored them, while we—! "Rather bright to the eastward," said I. "Yes," said the Captain, "we'll have morning on us directly; strike out men!" Morning, thought I, and we not more than half way! The men pulled like good fellows, we keeping near the shore to avoid the strength of the current. Near, yet just without easy rifle range; for the chaparral afforded excellent cover for riflemen. It was so light now that I could see my hands, and morning was coming on more rapidly than I ever knew it to break before. "Give way, lads!—whose oar is that out of water?" "Smith's, Sir; he's a haulin' off his pea-jacket, Sir." "Give way!" The Captain had been searching with his glass for the fort. At length he said, "Ah, there it is!" An opaline light by this time pervaded the eastern sky, revealing our boats to any watchful eye. I was gazing into the distance to catch a glimpse of the fort. I soon made out its dark outline, and almost at the same moment I, Bob Harding, saw another sight, which to me was of particular interest. It was the white mass of the hostile Fort M'Rae, on the side of the harbor opposite to Pickens, and, like Pickens, commanding the entrance. That white mass of masonry, dotted regularly with dark embrasures, occupied my attention exceedingly as our boats pulled right for it; for our Captain had, it seems, determined to land in front of Pickens, on a beach that M'Rae might have swept with a storm of shot and shell. It was quite light enough by this time for the enemy to distinguish every boat, nay, every man. "Give way!" As we rounded a sandy point right under the hostile guns I kept my eyes fixed on four embrasures in M'Rea. By Jove! how big and black they seemed! I watched them; for I felt assured that before we should have pulled much farther one or more sheets of red flame would burst forth, and then those who lived would be swimming for it. No one spoke. Bright, brighter, grew the east. The oars buckled and the waters hissed as we dashed toward the beach. Soon the boats found bottom. Out jumped the men and marines; and we officers, mounted on the shoulders of some of the boat's crew, landed, the surf overtaking and wetting us all. The men drew up on the beach. Surely, thought I, now M'Rae will open upon us. Now's their chance. We started to lead the men across the sand to the sally-port of the fortress. Bang! "Who fired that musket?" said the Captain, at whose side I stood. "It's the ould Docther, Sir," said Private Brennan; "he's filled my muskit wid tebacky cuds, an' I'm afther emptyin' it, Sir. Och! bud he's a powerful man wid the tebacky, ony way." "Keep silence there!" said the Captain. "Come on, men! Here you are! Tumble in! Sailor men, back to the boats!" Into the fort went the marines, led by my friend the Surgeon, while the Captain and I made for the boats, and started to return to our ships with the lieutenant, who had staid on the beach to guard our flotilla.



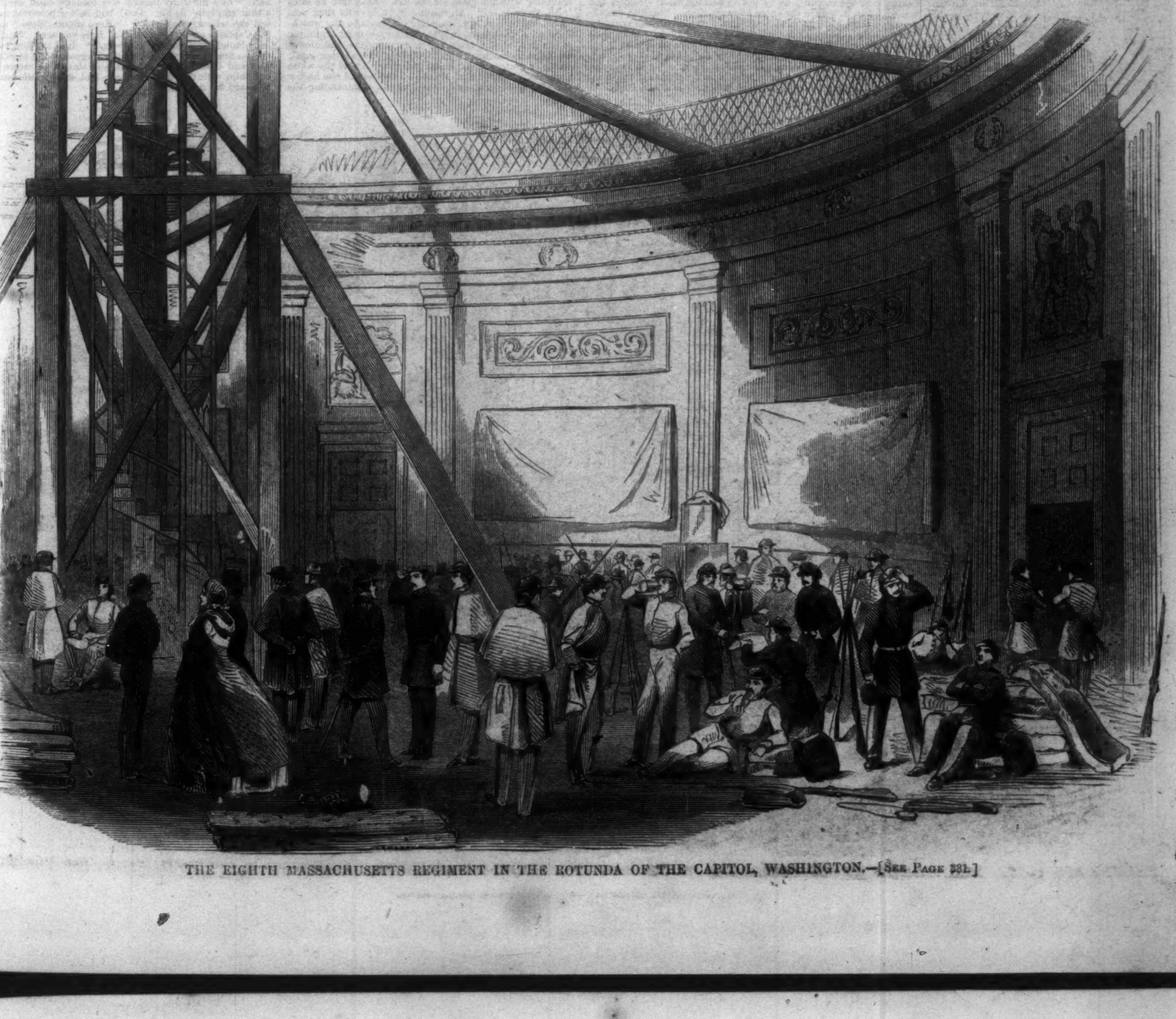
COOKING AND EATING ARRANGEMENTS, IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 331.]



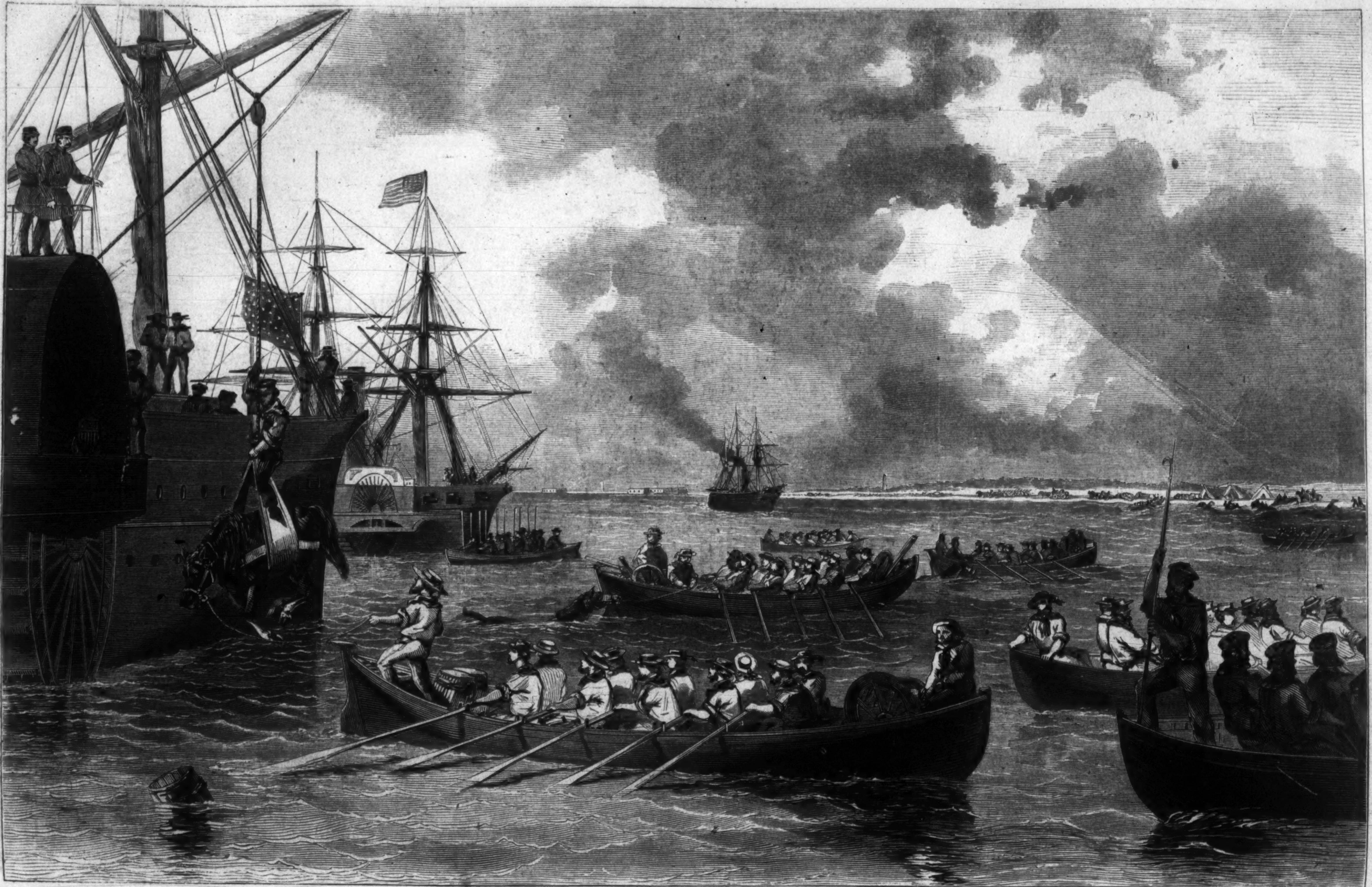
DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS FROM DUBUQUE, IOWA, APRIL 22, 1861.—[See Page 331.]

As we passed M'Rae I said to myself, Now it's coming, Bob! I watched the embrasures. They looked twice as ugly as a ship's port-holes, and every gun seemed pointed at my devoted head. I knew that I would be the only one hit, for at me they aimed. The men pulled cheerily, and after a while I made up my mind that we were to get back to our floating homes with unbroken limbs. The east was glowing with a warm, rosy light; the morning was lovely. "Are you one of those who admire sunrise?" said the Captain. "No, Sir, I am not; and I must say that this morning it was especially unwelcome. A few minutes since I would have been glad of an hour more of darkness." The Captain laughed. "Did not you expect M'Rae to open on us?" asked I. "Most certainly," replied he.

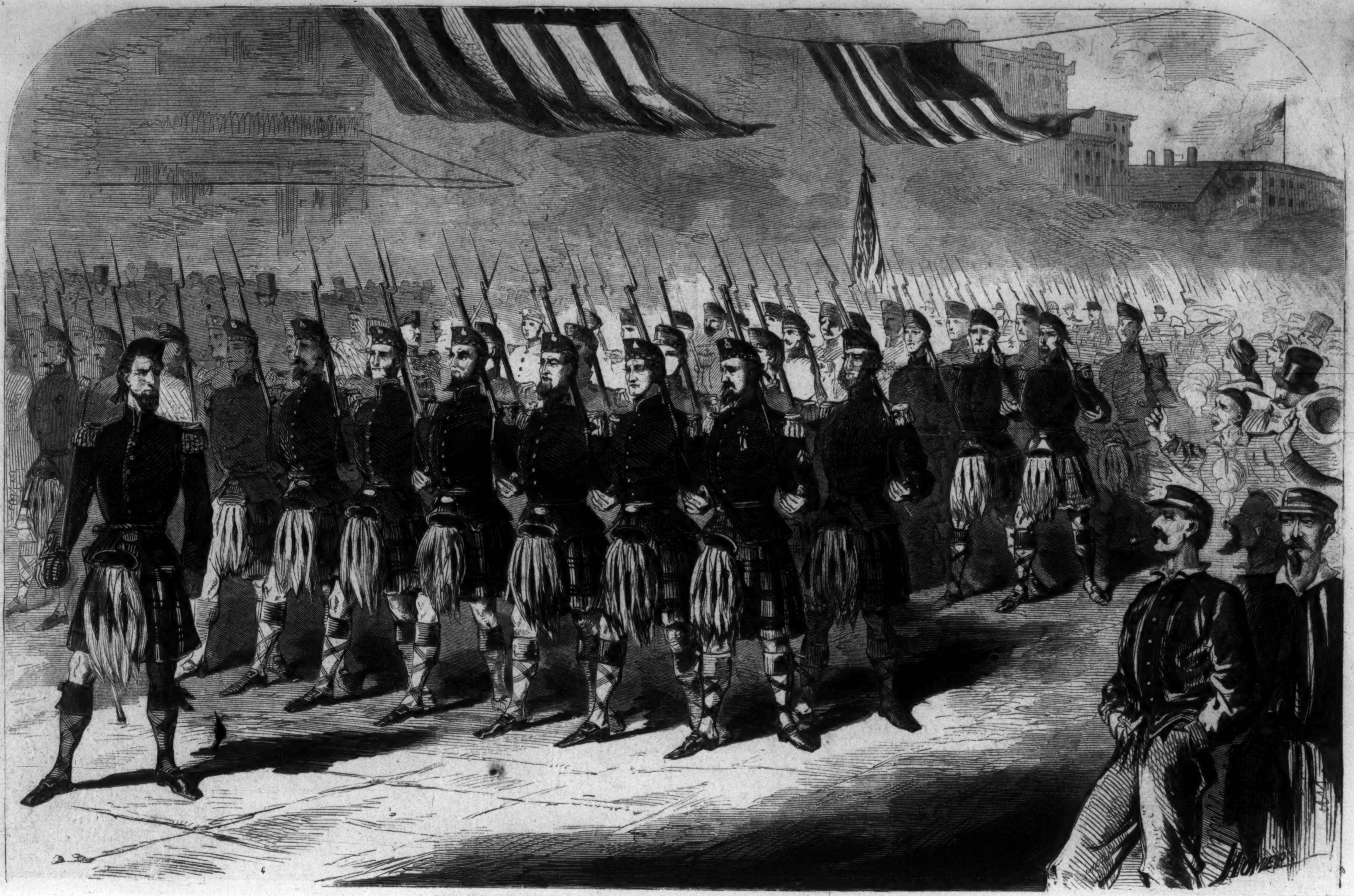
That is the way that Fort Pickens was reinforced from our squadron on the morning of the thirteenth of April, by daylight, in face of a fully-armed fort and other batteries—reinforced while a large body of men held the opposite shore. "Well, I'm thankful I am back safe, and I don't care who knows it," said the gallant lieutenant who accompanied the expedition. Why we were not fired upon I can not say. Humanity, dislike to fire the first shot in such a war, want of orders from head-quarters—I know not. It is a mystery to me.



THE EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 331.]



THE SECOND REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS, ON APRIL 16, 1861.—[See Page 325.]



THE SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT (HIGHLANDERS) NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

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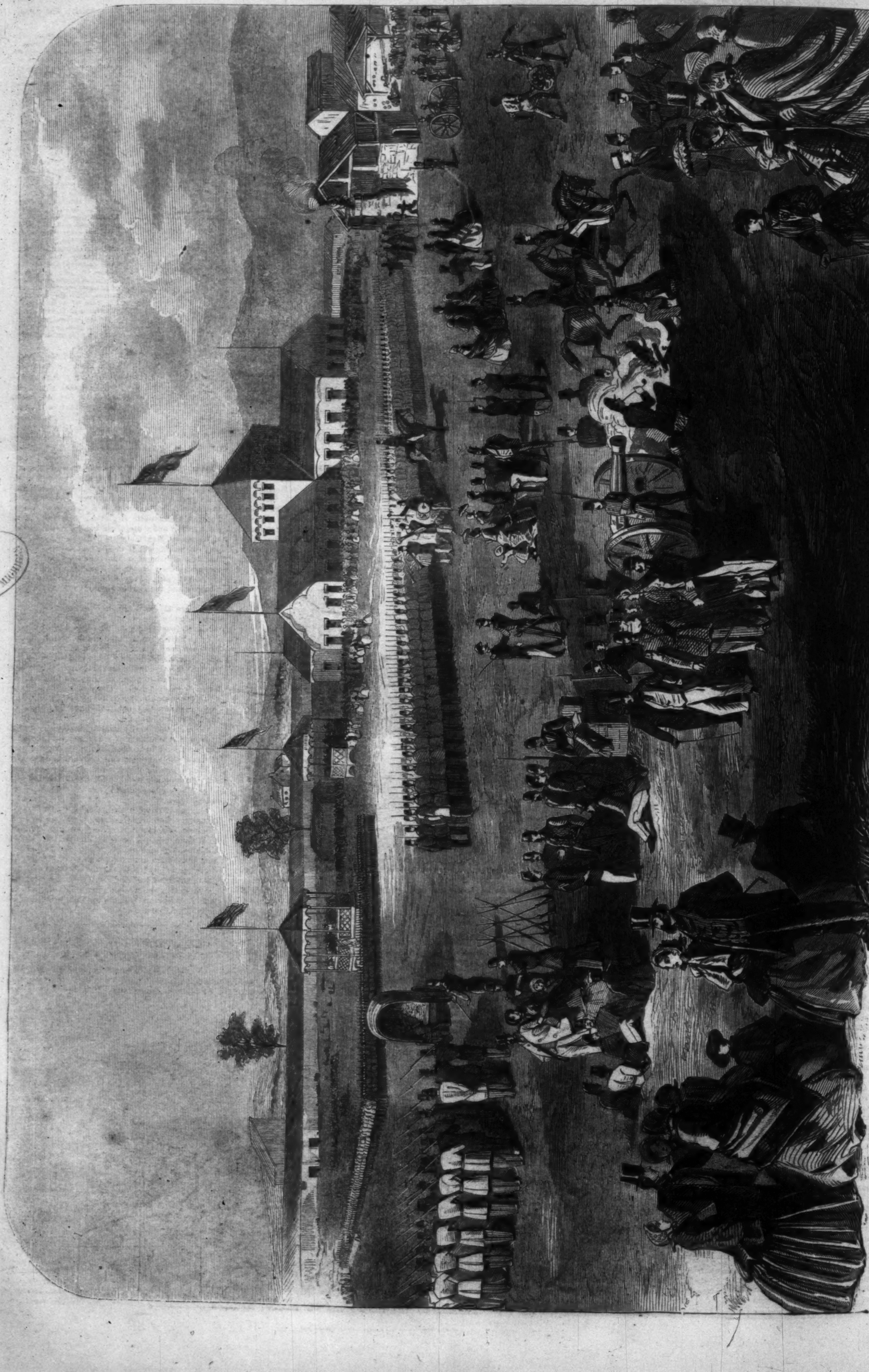
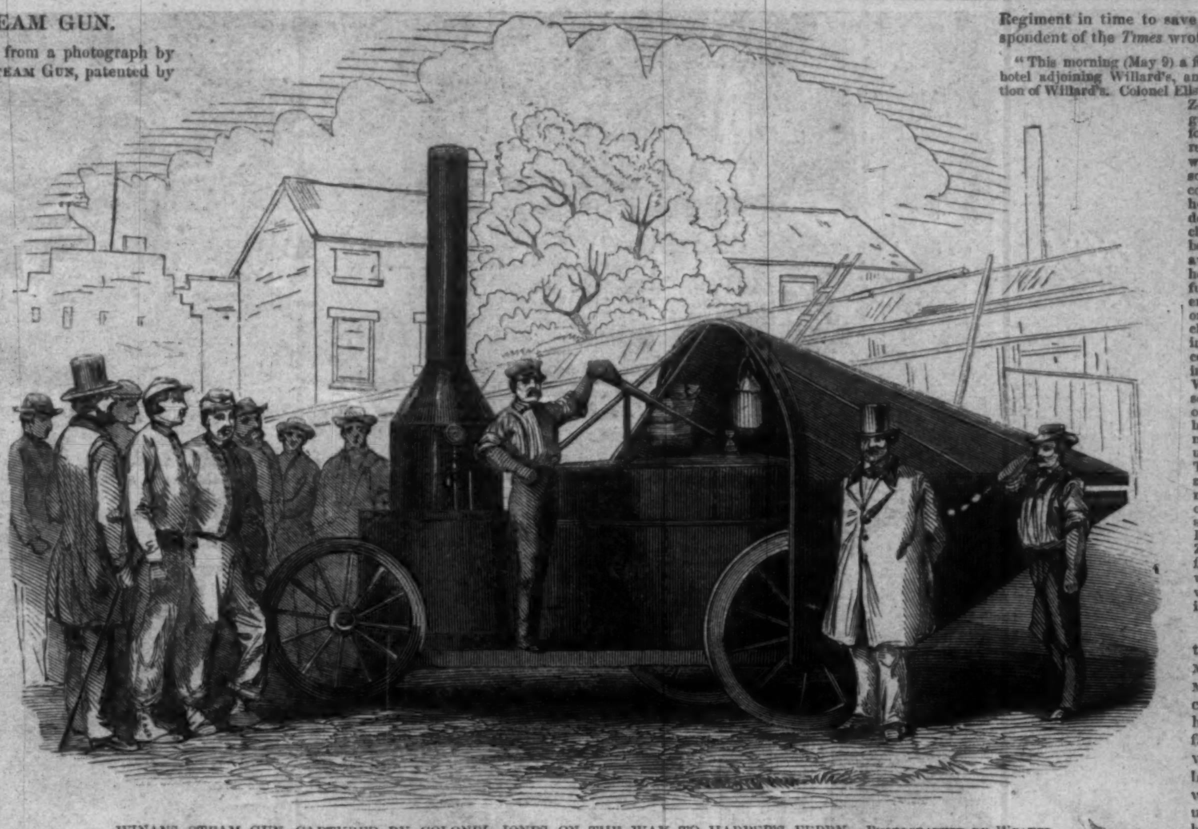


SCOTT, YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, OCCUPIED BY PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO VOLUNTEERS.—Sketched by Jasper Green.—[See Page 331.]

## WINANS STEAM GUN.

We herewith illustrate, from a photograph by Weaver, the celebrated Steam Gun, patented by Mr. Dickinson, and made by Mr. Winans, of Baltimore. This gun was seized by Colonel Jones, of the Massachusetts Volunteers, when on its way from Baltimore to the Rebel Camp at Harper's Ferry, and is now used in protecting the Viaduct at the Washington Junction on the Baltimore Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We also publish herewith a view of the Relay House, now occupied by the Federal Volunteers. This point commands the Baltimore and Ohio Road, being the point at which the road from Washington branches off on one side to Washington, on the other to Harper's Ferry and Wheeling.

The merits of the steam gun are a matter of some controversy. We shall probably know ere long what it can do. The following is the statement of its principles by the inventor:



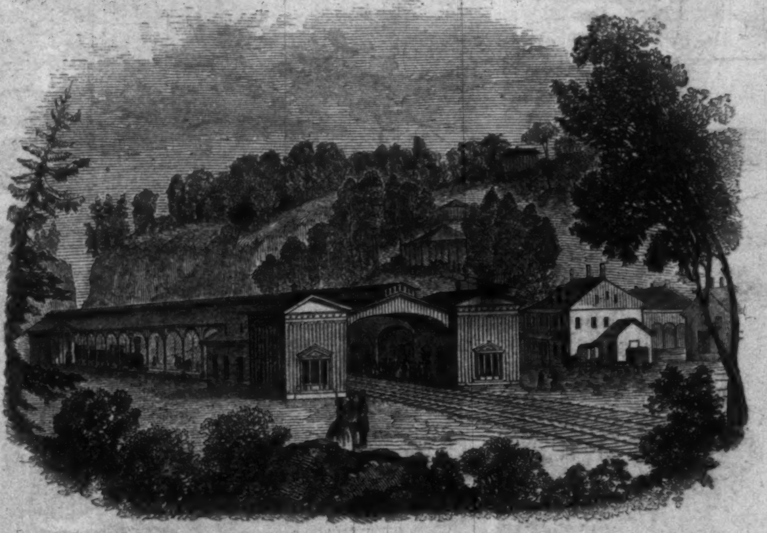
WINANS STEAM GUN, CAPTURED BY COLONEL JONES ON THE WAY TO HARPER'S FERRY.—Photographed by Weaver.

> "As a triumph of inventive genius, in the application and practical demonstration of centrifugal force (that power which governs and controls the universe and regulates and impels the motion of planetary bodies round the sun), this most efficient engine stands without a parallel; commanding wonder and admiration at the simplicity of its construction and the destructiveness of its effects; and is eventually destined to inaugurate a new era in the science of war.
>
> "Rendered *ball-proof*, and protected by an iron cone, and mounted on a four-wheeled carriage, it can be readily moved from place to place or kept on march with an army. It can be constructed to discharge missiles of any capacity from an ounce ball to a twenty-four pound shot, with a force and range equal to the most approved gunpowder projectiles, and can discharge from one hundred to five hundred balls per minute.
>
> "For city or harbor defense it would prove more efficient than the largest battery. For use on the battle-field (the musket calibre engine) would mow down opposing troops as the scythe mows standing grain; and in sea-fights, mounted on low-decked steamers, it would be capable of sinking any ordinary war-vessel.
>
> "In addition to the advantages of power, continuous action, and velocity of discharge, may be added *economy*, in cost of construction, in space, labor, and transportation, all of which would be small in comparison to the cost and working of batteries of cannon, and the equipment and management of a proportionate force of infantry.
>
> "The possession of this engine—ball-proof, and cased in iron—will give the powers using it such decided advantages as will strike terror to the hearts of opposing forces, and render its possessors impregnable to armies provided with ordinary offensive weapons.
>
> "Its efficiency will soon be practically demonstrated, and the day is not far distant when, through its instrumentality, the new era in the science of war being inaugurated, it will be generally adopted by the Powers of the Old and New Worlds, and, from its very destructiveness, will prove the means and medium of *peace*.
>
> "Charles S. Dickinson.
>
> "Baltimore, *May* 1, 1861."

## CAMP SCOTT, AT YORK, PENN.

On Saturday evening, 20th ult., the First, Second, and Third Regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers, then encamped at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were ordered to proceed, under the command of Brigadier-General Wynkoop, *via* the Northern Central Railway, to Washington. The brigade reached Ashland Station, near Cockeysville, in Maryland, on the following morning. At this point the burning of the bridges by the Baltimore mob interrupted farther railway travel, and the troops were marched to a position about one mile from the station, where they encamped. They remained here, surrounded and threatened by armed Marylanders, until Tuesday morning, their farther advance having meanwhile been countermanded from Washington. On Tuesday the brigade was returned by rail to York, after suffering from two nights' bivouac in the open air, with insufficient clothing, and almost destitute of food. At York the men were quartered in the capacious and well-arranged Fair Grounds of the York County Agricultural Society, forming what is known as Camp Scott. The force has been farther increased by the arrival of two regiments from the western counties, and is now composed of five full regiments.

The short experience of the first three regiments in active service gave them a discipline which shows itself in the contrast observable between the forces and order of Camp Scott and those of Camp Curtin. Here there is regular regimental in addition to the almost unceasing company and squad drill, and the men are fast attaining the bearing and appearance of regulars, in comparison with the raw levies of Camp Curtin. The First Regiment is mainly composed of organized volunteer companies; the others are made up of mixed material. The regulation uniform is fast being supplied, consisting of a loose blue sack, blue trowsers, gray shirt, and blue fatigue cap. The want of all preparation for a sudden call to arms has in nowise been more plainly evidenced than in the appearance of the Pennsylvania Volunteers; and their unarmed, ill-clad, undisciplined condition, when mustering by thousands at the State capital in answer to the call of the Governor, is sufficient proof of their patriotism and readiness to take up arms in the common defense. Their unsoldierlike carriage is disappearing, and in a very brief time the twenty-six regiments asked of Pennsylvania will form an army formidable to the traitorous foes of the country, and creditable to the loyal commonwealth so promptly putting them in the field.



THE RELAY HOUSE, WASHINGTON JUNCTION, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE FEDERAL VOLUNTEERS.

## OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

We continue this week to illustrate the movements and fortunes of our Army at Washington, from sketches supplied us by our attentive correspondent.

On page 321 will be found a fine picture of the Fire at Willard's Hotel, which was happily extinguished by the Zouaves of Colonel Ellsworth's Regiment in time to save the hotel. The correspondent of the *Times* wrote:

> "This morning (May 9) a fire broke out in the small hotel adjoining Willard's, and threatened the destruction of Willard's. Colonel Ellsworth ordered one hundred Zouaves to assist in extinguishing it. The order was followed by nearly the whole regiment jumping from the windows of the Capitol and scaling the fences. They could not enter the engine-houses, and broke down the doors, taking out the machines, and reached the spot before the city firemen were awake. They worked like heroes, performing wonderful feats of agility and bravery. They formed pyramids on each other's shoulders, climbing into windows, scaling lightning-rods, and succeeded in two hours in saving the whole structure. Willard treated them handsomely, and says that without them every thing would have been lost. This has made the regiment very popular among the citizens. They destroyed nothing unnecessarily, and nothing is missing of all the great mass of property moved into the streets, which they guarded. For want of a ladder, two Zouaves held another down from the eaves, while he, with his head down, played water into the burning building."

On page 326 we illustrate some of the Commissariat Arrangements, which show how carefully General Scott has provided against a famine. The enormous vaults in the Capitol building are crammed with food; the galleries under the Senate Chamber have been converted into granaries, and filled with barrels of flour, beef, pork, hams, etc. Another part of the vaults has been provided with ovens built by Lieutenant T. J. Cate, of Company F, 6th Massachusetts Regiment, who, when he is not a soldier and a useful officer, is a master mason at Lawrence, Massachusetts. These ovens are capable of turning out 16,000 loaves daily. The picture beneath shows us the troops preparing and consuming their food in the open air in the Treasury court-yard. Very different, this, from Delmonico's and the Parker House; but no one complains.

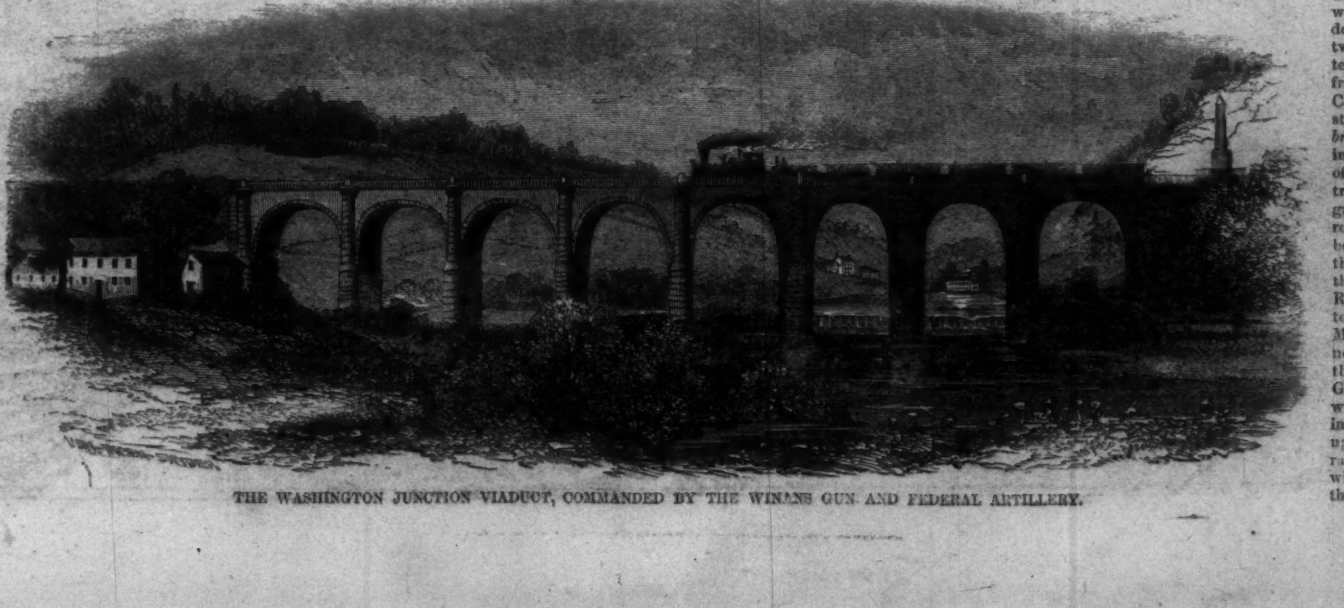
On page 324 we illustrate Camp Cameron, the encampment of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. M., on Georgetown Heights. The Regiment are making themselves pretty comfortable. Most of the tents are floored, and the friends of the men and officers have sent them so much food and so many presents of every kind that the Quarter-master has been compelled to direct the Express Company to forward nothing more. The picture of the Performance of Divine Service by the Rev. Dr. Weston shows that our men have not forgotten their Christian habits.

On page 333 we illustrate Colonel Ellsworth's command at Washington. The men were for some time quartered in the Hall of Representatives, and to those who have seen that splendid hall devoted to the purpose for which it was built the scene was very striking and novel. The Colonel himself and his staff were quartered in one of the committee rooms adjacent.

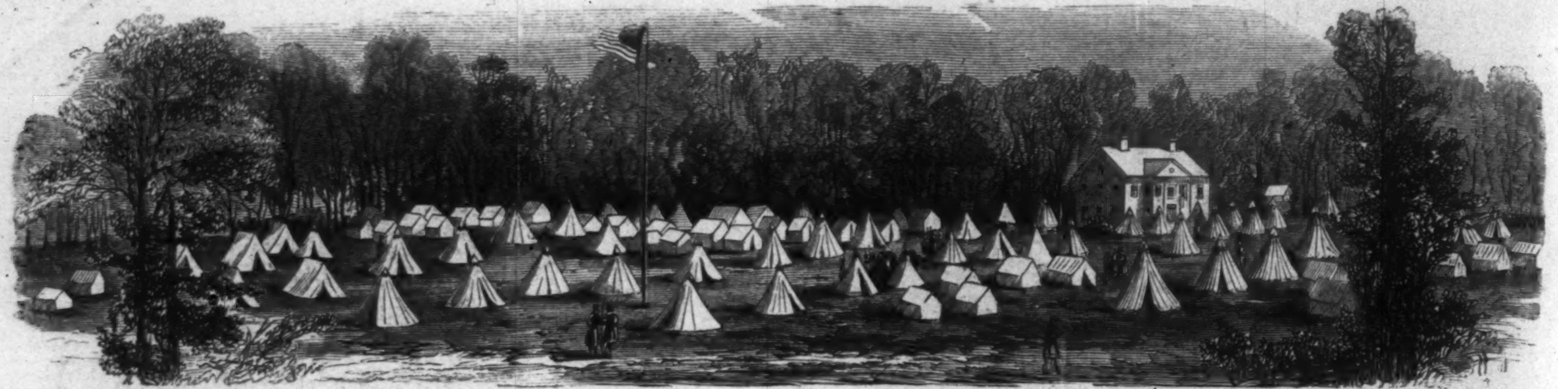
On page 327 we illustrate the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment in the Rotunda at the Capitol, Washington. Every one who has been to Washington will recognize the picture, though the crowd of soldiers, the mattresses, knapsacks, and arms piled around are an unusual feature in the scene. The 8th Massachusetts Volunteers are one of the finest regiments in the service; the officers and men are practical, and when the day of battle comes they will, we are sure, give a good account of themselves.

## DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS FROM DUBUQUE, IOWA.

We are indebted to a correspondent, Mr. Simplot, for the sketch from which our illustration of the Departure of the Volunteers from Dubuque, on page 327, was taken. The occasion was that of the departure of the two first volunteer companies from Iowa for Cairo, Ill., per steamer *Alhambra*. Quite an imposing force of Western troops is now gathered at Cairo, and we may be sure that they will hold their own. The Rebels are said to be gathered at Memphis, Tennessee, under the command of General Pillow, who is said to intend an attack upon Cairo. We rather think he will reconsider this intention.



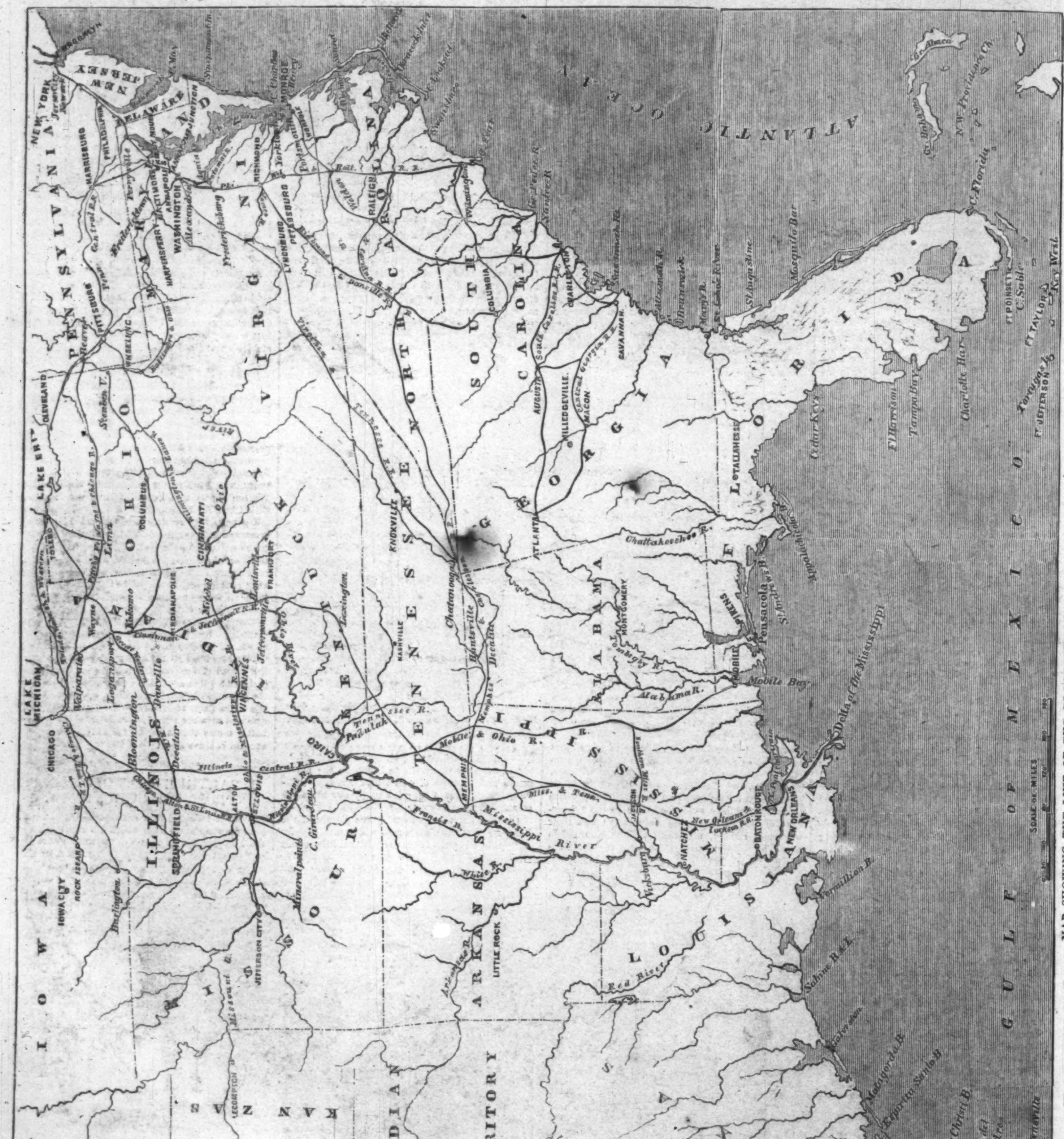
THE WASHINGTON JUNCTION VIADUCT, COMMANDED BY THE WINANS GUN AND FEDERAL ARTILLERY.



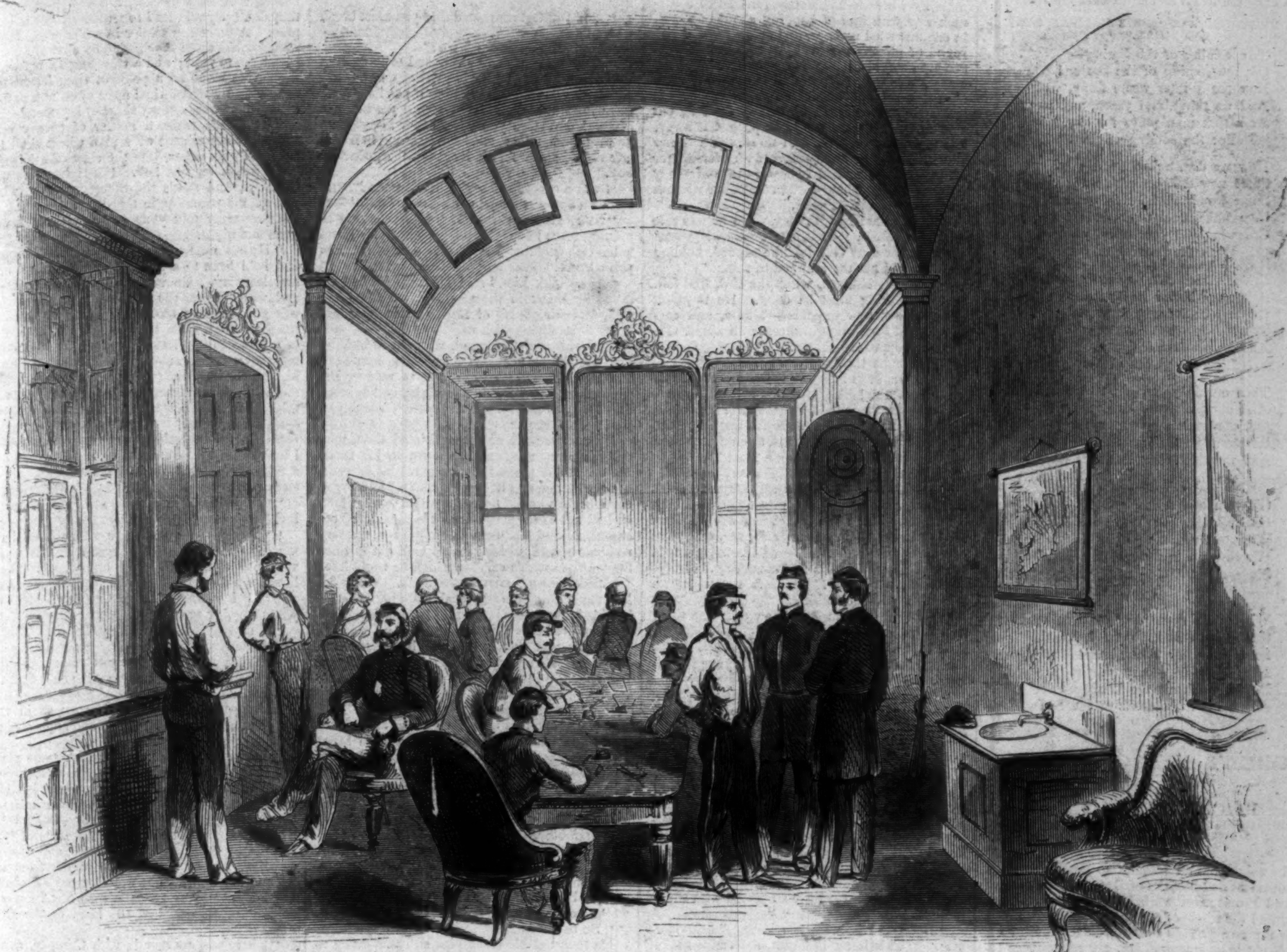
CAMP OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS AT THE RELAY HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]

## ANOTHER WAR MAP.

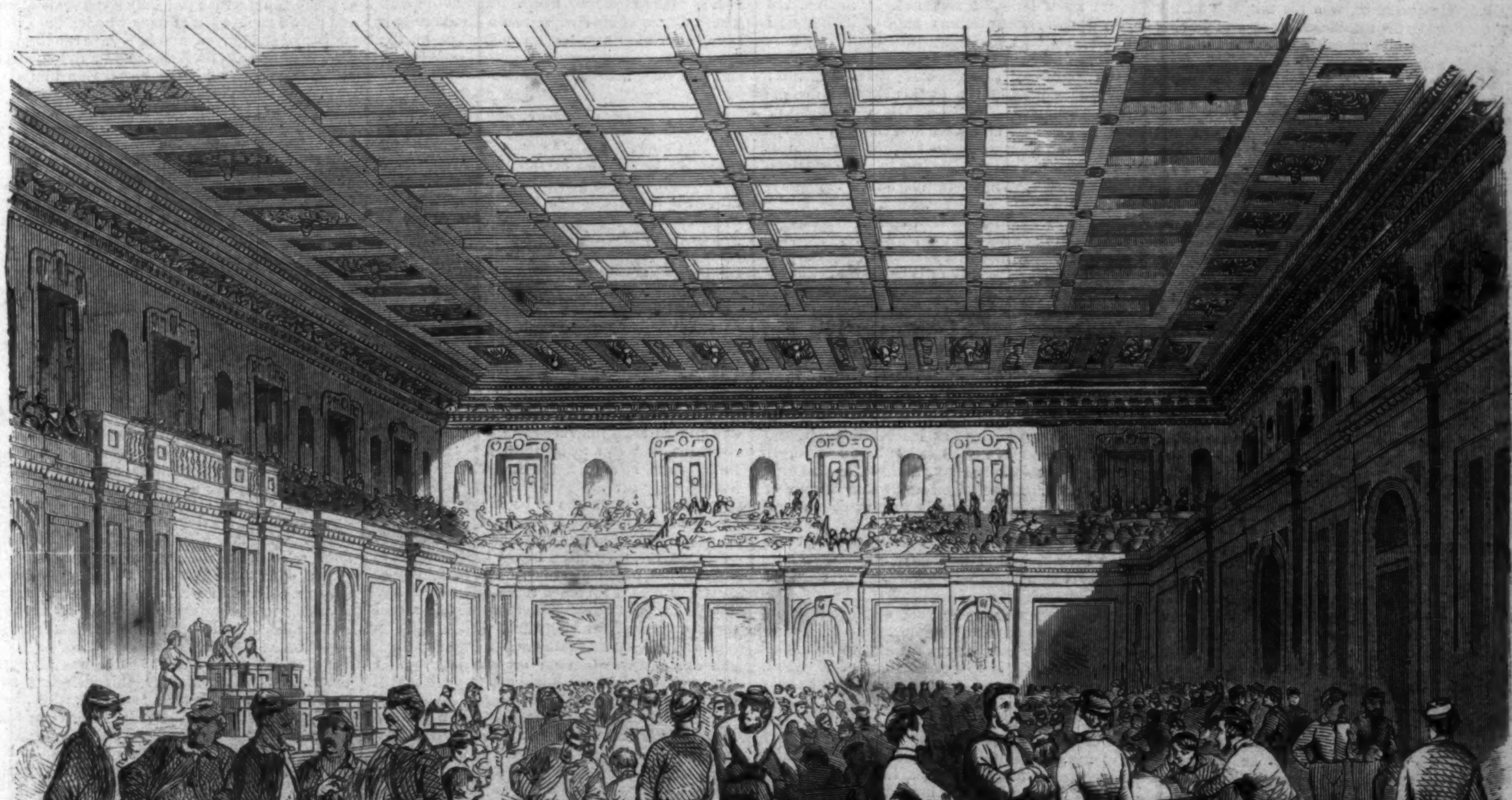
BELOW we publish another of the series of WAR MAPS which have constituted so prominent a feature in *Harper's Weekly* during the past few months. This one will be found especially valuable for reference. It shows the whole coast-line of the United States from Cape Henry to the Rio Grande, and the ports to be blockaded by our vessels of war; also the strategic points round Washington and Baltimore; Cairo, its strategic relations, and the course of the Mississippi; Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, Forts Taylor and Jefferson, at the Tortugas, and Fort Pickens, Pensacola, all held by the United States; the great lines of railway by which troops will be transported, etc.


ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA
DELAWARE
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
ALABAMA
MISSISSIPPI
LOUISIANA
TEXAS
ARKANSAS
TENNESSEE
KENTUCKY
OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
MISSOURI
IOWA
KANZAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE ERIE
PHILADELPHIA
HARRISBURG
PITTSBURG
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
ANNAPOLIS
HARPERS FERRY
ALEXANDRIA
RICHMOND
PETERSBURG
LYNCHBURG
F. MONROE
RALEIGH
COLUMBIA
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
AUGUSTA
MILLEDGEVILLE
MACON
ATLANTA
MONTGOMERY
MOBILE
Mobile Bay
PENSACOLA
TALLAHASSEE
NEW ORLEANS
BATON ROUGE
NATCHEZ
JACKSON
MEMPHIS
NASHVILLE
KNOXVILLE
Chatanooga
CAIRO
ST. LOUIS
ALTON
SPRINGFIELD
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
TOLEDO
COLUMBUS
CINCINNATI
INDIANAPOLIS
VINCENNES
FRANKFORT
Louisville
Lexington
Paducah
JEFFERSON CITY
LITTLE ROCK
IOWA CITY
ROCK ISLAND
LECOMPTON
AUSTIN CITY
Mississippi River
Red River
Tennessee R.
Alabama R.
Chattahoochee R.
Delta of the Mississippi
Key West
FT. TAYLOR
FT. JEFFERSON
Tortugas
Tampa Bay
Cedar Keys
C. Florida
C. Sable
Gr. Abaco
N. W. Providence Ch.
Galveston
Brownsville
R. Grande
SCALE OF MILES

MAP SHOWING THE LINE OF THE BLOCKADE, AND THE STRATEGIC ROUTES IN THE INTERIOR.



LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH, OF THE N. Y. FIRE ZOUAVES, AT THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 331.]



THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES QUARTERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 331.]

## THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

The coming of the Spring—
Oh, the coming of the Spring!
Now the Winter wears away,
And we thirst, and yearn, and pray,
As a sick man prays for day,
For the coming of the Spring.

How we dream 'twill surely bring
Some new delightsome thing;
Some wondrous bliss that nears
Comet-like, from unknown spheres,
Crowning *this* year of all years
With the promise of the Spring.

But it comes not, or does wear
A strange horror in its hair;
Or goes on its meteor way
Till it fades in ether gray,
And its glories all decay,
Like the glories of the Spring.

Then our May-buds drop o'erhead,
And our primroses lie dead;
And our violets on the moor
Bloom unplucked, in nooks obscure,
And the dull heart shuts its door
On the beauty of the Spring.

Oh, vain and selfish grief!
Oh, sullen unbelief!
When each bird on each hedge-side,
Where snow lay all winter-tide,
Sings aloud, "God will provide,
He has sent us back the Spring!"

When each flower the children hold
Smiles—"This life-germ I infold,
See how safely I can keep!
How I die not—only sleep;
But, through all the Winter deep,
Wait the coming of the Spring."

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

### CHAPTER XL.

In vain should I attempt to describe the astonishment and disquiet of Herbert when he and I and Provis sat down before the fire, and I recounted the whole of the secret. Enough that I saw my own feelings reflected in Herbert's face, and, not least among them, my repugnance toward the man who had done so much for me.

What would alone have set a division between that man and us, if there had been no other dividing circumstance, was his triumph in my story. Saving his troublesome sense of having been "low" on one occasion since his return—on which point he began to hold forth to Herbert the moment my revelation was finished—he had no perception of the possibility of my finding any fault with my good fortune. His boast that he had made me a gentleman, and that he had come to see me support the character on his ample resources, was made for me quite as much as for himself; and that it was a highly agreeable boast to both of us, and that we must both be very proud of it, was a conclusion quite established in his own mind.

"Though, look'ee here, Pip's comrade," he said to Herbert, after having discoursed for some time, "I know very well that once since I come back—for half a minute—I've been low. I said to Pip, I knowed as I had been low. But don't you fret yourself on that score. I ain't made Pip a gentleman, and Pip ain't agoing to make you a gentleman, not fur me not to know what's due to ye both. Dear boy, and Pip's comrade, you two may count upon me always having a gen-teel muzzle on. Muzzled I have been since that half a minute when I was betrayed into lowness, muzzled I am at the present time, muzzled I ever will be."

Herbert said, "Certainly," but looked as if there were no specific consolation in this, and remained perplexed and dismayed. We were anxious for the time when he would go to his lodging and leave us together; but he was evidently jealous of leaving us together, and sat late. It was midnight before I took him round to Essex Street, and saw him safely in at his own dark door. When it closed upon him I experienced the first moment of relief I had known since the night of his arrival.

Never quite free from an uneasy remembrance of the man on the stairs, I had always looked about me in taking my guest out after dark, and in bringing him back; and I looked about me now. Difficult as it is in a large city to avoid the suspicion of being watched, when the mind is conscious of danger in that regard, I could not persuade myself that any of the people within sight cared about my movements. The few who were passing passed on their several ways, and the street was empty when I turned back into the Temple. Nobody had come out at the gate with us, nobody went in at the gate with me. As I crossed by the fountain, I saw his lighted back windows looking bright and quiet, and when I stood for a few moments in the doorway of the building where I lived, before going up the stairs, Garden Court was as still and lifeless as the staircase was when I ascended it.

Herbert received me with open arms, and I had never felt before, so blessedly, what it is to have a friend. When he had spoken some sound words of sympathy and encouragement, we sat down to consider the question, What was to be done?

The chair that Provis had occupied still remaining where it had stood—for he had a barrack way with him of hanging about one spot, in one unsettled manner, and going through one round of observances with his pipe and his negro-head and his jack-knife and his pack of cards, and what not, as if it were all put down for him on a slate—I say, his chair remaining where it had stood, Herbert unconsciously took it, but next moment started out of it, pushed it away, and took another. He had no occasion to say after that that he had conceived an aversion for my patron, neither had I occasion to confess my own. We interchanged that confidence without shaping a syllable.

"What," said I to Herbert, when he was safe in another chair, "what is to be done?"

"My poor dear Handel," he replied, holding his head, "I am too stunned to think."

"So was I, Herbert, when the blow first fell. Still, something must be done. He is intent upon various new expenses—horses, and carriages, and lavish appearances of all kinds. He must be stopped, somehow."

"You mean that you can't accept—?"

"How can I?" I interposed, as Herbert paused. "Think of him! Look at him!"

An involuntary shudder passed over both of us.

"Yet I am afraid the dreadful truth is, Herbert, that he is attached to me, strongly attached to me. Was there ever such a fate!"

"My poor dear Handel," Herbert repeated.

"Then," said I, "after all, stopping short here, never taking another penny from him, think what I owe him already! Then again: I am heavily in debt—very heavily for me, who have now no expectations at all—and I have been bred to no calling, and I am fit for nothing."

"Well, well, well!" Herbert remonstrated. "Don't say fit for nothing."

"What am I fit for? I know only one thing that I am fit for, and that is, to go for a soldier. And I might have gone, my dear Herbert, but for the prospect of taking counsel with your friendship and affection."

Of course I broke down there; and of course Herbert, beyond seizing a warm grip of my hand, pretended not to know it.

"Any how, my dear Handel," said he, presently, "soldiering won't do. If you were to renounce this patronage and these favors, I suppose you would do so with some faint hope of one day repaying what you have already had. Not very strong that hope if you went soldiering! Besides, it's absurd. You would be infinitely better in Clarriker's house, small as it is. I am working up toward a partnership, you know."

Poor fellow! He little suspected with whose money.

"But there is another question," said Herbert. "This is an ignorant, determined man, who has long had one fixed idea. More than that, he seems to me (I may misjudge him) to be a man of a desperate and fierce character."

"I know he is," I returned. "Let me tell you what evidence I have seen of it." And I told him what I had not mentioned in my narrative; of that encounter with the other convict.

"See, then!" said Herbert; "think of this! He comes here at the peril of his life for the realization of his fixed idea. In the moment of realization, after all his toil and waiting, you cut the ground from under his feet, destroy his idea, and make his gains worthless to him. Do you see nothing that he might do, under the disappointment?"

"I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it ever since the fatal night of his arrival. Nothing has been in my thoughts so distinctly as his putting himself in the way of being taken."

"Then you may rely upon it," said Herbert, "that there would be great danger of his doing it. That is his power over you as long as he remains in England, and that would be his reckless course if you forsook him."

I was so struck by the horror of this idea, which had weighed upon me from the first, and the working out of which would make me regard myself, in some sort, as his murderer, that I could not rest in my chair but began pacing to and fro. I said to Herbert, meanwhile, that even if Provis were recognized and taken in spite of himself, I should be wretched as the cause, however innocently. Yes; even though I was so wretched in having him at large and near me, and even though I would far, far rather have worked at the forge all the days of my life than I would have ever come to this!

But there was no staving off the question, What was to be done?

"The first and the main thing to be done," said Herbert, "is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go."

"But get him where I will, could I prevent his coming back?"

"My good Handel, is it not obvious that, with Newgate in the next street, there must be far greater hazard in your breaking your mind to him and making him reckless here than elsewhere? If a pretext to get him away could be made out of that other convict, or out of any thing else in his life now."

"There, again!" said I, stopping before Herbert, with my open hands held out as if they contained the desperation of the case. "I know nothing of his life. It has almost made me mad to sit here of a night and see him before me, so bound up with my fortunes and misfortunes, and yet so unknown to me, except as the miserable wretch who terrified me two days in my childhood!"

Herbert got up, and linked his arm in mine, and we slowly walked to and fro together, studying the carpet.

"Handel," said Herbert, stopping, "you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him; do you?"

"Fully. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?"

"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"

"Herbert, can you ask me?"

"And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England before you stir a finger to extricate yourself. That done, extricate yourself, in Heaven's name, and we'll see it out together, dear old boy."

It was a comfort to shake hands upon it, and walk up and down again, with only that done.

"Now, Herbert," said I, "with reference to gaining some knowledge of his history. There is but one way that I know of. I must ask him point-blank."

"Yes. Ask him," said Herbert, "when we sit at breakfast in the morning." For he had said, on taking leave of Herbert, that he would come to breakfast with us.

With this project formed, we went to bed. I had the wildest dreams concerning him, and woke unrefreshed; I woke, too, to recover the fear which I had lost in the night, of his being found out as a returned transport. Waking, I never lost that fear.

He came round at the appointed time, took out his jack-knife, and sat down to his meal. He was full of plans "for his gentleman's coming out strong, and like a gentleman," and urged me to begin speedily upon the pocket-book, which he had left in my possession. He considered the chambers and his own lodging as temporary residences, and advised me to look out at once for "a fashionable crib" in which he could have "a shake-down," near Hyde Park. When he had made an end of his breakfast, and was wiping his knife on his leg, I said to him, without a word of preface:

"After you were gone last night I told my friend of the struggle that the soldiers found you engaged in on the marshes when we came up. You remember?"

"Remember!" said he. "I think so!"

"We want to know something about that man—and about you. It is strange to know no more about either, and particularly you, than I was able to tell last night. Is not this as good a time as another for our knowing more?"

"Well!" he said, after consideration. "You're on your oath, you know, Pip's comrade?"

"Assuredly," replied Herbert.

"As to any thing I say, you know," he insisted. "The oath applies to all."

"I understand it to do so."

"And look'ee here! Whatever I done, is worked out and paid for," he insisted again.

"So be it."

He took out his black pipe and was going to fill it with negro-head, when, looking at the tangle of tobacco in his hand, he seemed to think it might perplex the thread of his narrative. He put it back again, stuck his pipe in a button-hole of his coat, spread a hand on each knee, and, after turning an angry eye on the fire for a few silent moments, looked round at us and said what follows.

### CHAPTER XLI.

"Dear boy, and Pip's comrade. I am not a going fur to tell you my life, like a song or a story-book. But to give it you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's *my* life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip stood my friend.

"I've been done every thing to, pretty well—except hanged. I've been locked up, as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove. I've no more notion where I was born than you have—if so much. I first become aware of myself, down in Essex, a thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he'd took the fire with him, and left me wery cold.

"I know'd my name to be Magwitch, chrisen'd Abel. How did I know it? Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did.

"So fur as I could find there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but what caught fright at him, and either drove him off or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up.

"This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creetur as much to be pitied as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass, for there warn't many insides of houses known to me), I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison wisitors, picking out me. 'May be said to live in jails, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better a measured my stomach—and others on 'em giv me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't unnerstand. They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the Devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?—Howsomever, I'm a getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy, and Pip's comrade, don't you be afeerd of me being low.

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would ha' been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a wagoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man. A deserting soldier in a Travelers' Rest, what lay hid up to the chin under a lot of taturs, learnt me to read; and a traveling Dwarf what signed his name at a penny a time learnt me to write. I warn't locked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my share of key-metal still.

"At Epsom races, a matter of twenty year ago, I got acquainted wi' a man whose skull I'd crack wi' this poker, like the claw of a lobster, if I'd got it on this hob. His right name was Compey; and that's the man, dear boy, what you see me pounding in the ditch, according to wot you truly told your comrade arter I was gone last night.

"He set up fur a gentleman, this Compey, and he'd been to a public boarding-school and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentlefolks. He was good-looking too. It was the night afore the great race when I found him on the heath, in a booth that I know'd on. Him and some more were sitting among the tables when I went in, and the landlord (which had a knowledge of me, and was a sporting one) called him out, and said, 'I think this is a man that might suit you'—meaning I was.

"Compey, he looks at me very noticing, and I look at him. He has a watch and a chain and a ring and a breast-pin and a handsome suit of clothes.

"'To judge from appearances, you're out of luck,' says Compey to me.

"'Yes, master, and I've never been in it much.' (I come out of Kingston Jail last on a vagrancy committal. Not but what it might have been for something else; but it warn't.)

"'Luck changes,' says Compey; 'perhaps yours is going to change.'

"I says, 'I hope it may be so. There's room.'

"'What can you do?' says Compey.

"'Eat and drink,' I says; 'if you'll find the materials.'

"Compey laughed, looked at me again very noticing, giv me five shillings, and appointed me for next night. Same place.

"I went to Compey, next night, same place, and Compey took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compey's business in which we was to go pardners? Compey's business was the swindling, handwriting forging, stolen bank-note passing, and such like. All sorts of traps as Compey could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compey's business. He'd no more heart than a iron file, he was as cold as death, and had the head of the Devil afore mentioned.

"There was another in with Compey, as was called Arthur—not as being so chrisen'd, but as a surname. He was in a Decline, and was a shadow to look at. Him and Compey had been in a bad thing with a rich lady some years afore, and they'd made a pot of money by it; but Compey betted and gamed, and he'd have run through the king's taxes. So Arthur was a dying, and a dying poor and with the horrors on him, and Compey's wife (which Compey kicked mostly) was a having pity on him when she could, and Compey was a having pity on nothing and nobody.

"I might a took warning by Arthur, but I didn't; and I won't pretend I wos partic'ler—for where 'ud be the good on it, dear boy and comrade? So I begun wi' Compey, and a poor tool I was in his hands. Arthur lived at the top of Compey's house (over nigh Brentford it was), and Compey kept a careful account agen him for board and lodging, in case he should ever get better to work it out. But Arthur soon settled the account. The second or third time as ever I see him, he come a tearing down into Compey's parlor late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat, and he says to Compey's wife, 'Sally, she really is up stairs alonger me now, and I can't get rid of her. She's all in white,' he says, 'wi' white flowers in her hair, and she's awful mad, and she's got a white shroud hanging over her arm, and she says she'll put it on me at five in the morning.'

"Says Compey: 'Why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body? And how should she be up there, without coming through the door, or in at the window, and up the stairs?'

"'I don't know how she's there,' says Arthur, shivering dreadful with the horrors, 'but she's standing in the corner at the foot of the bed, awful mad. And over where her heart's broke—*you* broke it—there's drops of blood.'

"Compey spoke hardy, but he was always a coward. 'Go up alonger this driveling sick man,' he says to his wife, 'and Magwitch, lend her a hand, will you?' But he never come nigh himself.

"Compey's wife and me took him up to bed agen, and he raved most dreadful. 'Why look at her!' he cries out. 'She's a shaking the shroud at me! Don't you see her? Look at her eyes! Ain't it awful to see her so mad?' Next he cries, 'She'll put it on me, and then I'm done for! Take it away from her, take it away!' And then he catched hold of us, and kep on a talking to her, and answering of her, till I half believed I see her myself.

"Compey's wife, being used to him, giv him some liquor to get the horrors off, and by-and-by he quieted. 'Oh, she's gone! Has her keeper been for her?' he says. 'Yes,' says Compey's wife. 'Did you tell him to lock her and bar her in?' 'Yes.' 'And to take that ugly thing away from her?' 'Yes, yes, all right.' 'You're a good creetur,' he says; 'don't leave me, whatever you do, and thank you!'

"He rested pretty quiet till it might want a few minutes of five, and then he starts up with a scream, and screams out, 'Here she is! She's got the shroud again. She's unfolding it. She's coming out of the corner. She's coming to the bed. Hold me both on you—one of each side—don't let her touch me with it. Hah! she missed me that time. Don't let her throw it over my shoulders. Don't let her lift me up to get it round me. She's lifting me up. Keep me down!' Then he lifted himself up hard, and was dead.

"Compey took it easy enough as a good riddance for both sides. Him and me was soon busy, and first he swore me (being ever artful) on my own book—this here little black book, dear boy, what I swore your comrade on.

"Not to go into the things that Compey planned and I done—which 'ud take a week—I'll simply say to you, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a working, always a getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times told and no mercy. My Missis as I had the hard time wi'— Stop though! I ain't brought *her* in—"

He looked about him in a confused way, as if he had lost his place in the book of his remembrance; and he turned his face to the fire, and spread his hands broader on his knees, and lifted them off and put them on again.

"There ain't no need to go into it," he said, when he looked round once more. "The time wi' Compey was a'most as hard a time as ever I had; that said, all's said. Did I tell you as I was tried, alone, for misdemeanor, while with Compey?"

I answered, No.

"Well!" he said, "I *was*, and got convicted. As to took up on suspicion, that was twice or three times in the four or five year that it lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last me and Compey was both committed for felony—on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation—and there was other charges behind. Compey says to me, 'Separate defenses, no communication,' and that was all. And I was so miserable poor that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get Jaggers.

"When we was put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compey looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkercher, and what a common sort of wretch I looked. When the prosecution opened and the evidence was put short, aforehand, I noticed how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him. When the evidence was giv in the box, I noticed how it was always me that had come for'ard, and could be swore to, how it was always me that the money had been paid to, how it was always me that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. But, when the defense come on, then I see the plan plainer; for, says the counselor for Compey, 'My lord and gentlemen, here you have afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can separate wide; one, the younger, well brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the elder, ill brought up, who will be spoke to as a hardened offender; one, the younger, seldom if ever seen in these here transactions, and only suspected; t'other, the elder, always seen in 'em and always wi' his guilt brought home. Can you doubt, if there is but one in it, which is the one, and, if there is two in it, which is much the worst one?' And such like. And when it come to character, warn't it Compey as had been to the school, and warn't it his school-fellows as was in this position and in that, and warn't it him as had been know'd by witnesses in such clubs and societies, and nowt to his disadvantage? And warn't it me as had been tried afore, and as had been know'd up hill and down dale in Bridewells and Lock-Ups? And when it come to speech-making, warn't it Compey as could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkercher—ah! and wi' verses in his speech, too—and warn't it me as could only say, 'Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal?' And when the verdict come, warn't it Compey as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could agen me, and warn't it me as got never a word but Guilty? And when I says to Compey, 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yourn?' ain't it Compey as prays the Judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us? And when we're sentenced, ain't it him as gets seven years and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the Judge is sorry for, because he might a done so well, and ain't it me as the Judge perceives to be a man of wiolent passion, likely to come to worse?"

He had worked himself into a state of great excitement, but he checked it, took two or three short breaths, swallowed as often, and stretching out his hand toward me said, in a reassuring manner, "I ain't a going to be low, dear boy?"

He had so heated himself that he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and head and neck and hands, before he could go on.

"I had said to Compey that I'd smash that face of his, and I swore Lord smash mine! to do it. We was in the same prison-ship, but I couldn't get at him for long, though I tried. At last I come behind him and hit him on the cheek to turn him round and get a smashing one at him, when I was seen and seized. The black-hole of that ship warn't a strong one, to a judge of black-holes that could swim and dive. I escaped to the shore, and I was a hiding among the graves there, envying them as was in 'em and all over, when first I see my boy!"

He regarded me with a look of affection that made him almost abhorrent to me again, though I had felt great pity for him.

"By my boy I was giv to understand as Compey was out on them marshes too. Upon my soul, I half believe he escaped in his terror to get quit of me, not knowing it was me as had got ashore. I hunted him down. I smashed his face. 'And now,' says I, 'as the worst thing I can do, caring nothing for myself, I'll drag you back.' And I'd have swum off, towing him by the hair, if it had come to that, and I'd a got him aboard without the soldiers.

"Of course he'd much the best of it to the last—his character was so good. He had escaped when he was made half wild by me and my murderous intentions; and his punishment was light. I was put in irons, brought to trial again, and sent for life. I didn't stop for life, dear boy and Pip's comrade, being here."

He wiped himself again, as he had done before, and then slowly took his tangle of tobacco from his pocket, and plucked his pipe from his button-hole, and slowly filled it, and began to smoke.

"Is he dead?" I asked, after a silence.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compey."

"He hopes *I* am, if he's alive, you may be sure," with a fierce look. "I never heerd no more of him."

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me, as Provis stood smoking with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

"Young Havisham's name was Arthur. Compey is the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover."

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Herbert, and put the book by; but we neither of us said any thing, and both looked at Provis as he stood smoking by the fire.

## GUESTS AT THE GREAT INN.

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
  Gently open half the gate—
Comes a Lady, young, alone,
Torn by stock, and bruised by stone,
  Hunted here by jealous hate.
"*Give me shelter, silence, rest—*
*If, by coarse pursuer pressed,*
  *You are questioned, nothing tell.*"
Ah! poor heart, in anguish lost!—
Welcome from protecting host—
  Hath the host not grieved as well?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
  Comes an Earl with gold to waste,
"*Old wine in thy cellar is,*
*And the oldest I will kiss,*
  *As my mistress I would taste.*"
Riot in my chamber best,
Some one to his bosom pressed
  Who departs and wails no wrong;
Ducats on my staircase shed—
(I have followed there, the dead)—
  'Tis a jolly even-song!

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
  Here is Poet, come to see
What our city hath to show—
Minster windows, all a-glow
  With the rainbow's pageantry.
Eldern saints the whom to carve,
Sculptor of his faith, would starve
  Strong in worship of the spell.
Cheer his heart with yellow wine.
Boy! thy dream long since was mine,
  How it vanished, who can tell?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
  Let him in—a Merchant next,
Hard in voice and bold in face,
Only by a damaged place
  In his market to be vexed.
Hear him talk, as part of trade,
Of the bargains he has made
  Here and there, his walk along:
"*Anne was sprightly, Mary, neared*
*Timidly, my night-black beard!*"—
  Cheap hath grown the price of wrong.

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
  What? for Priest with naught to spend!—
Creeping in, who maketh gloom
Even in my lighted room,
  By his feigning to be friend
Of dumb things, that understand
And evade his satin hand—
  Of my child, who shrinks as well—
Of the Peddler, who is here—
Dusty, for his flask of beer—
  Let him out—and no farewell!

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
  Loud!—The Prince!—on humble knees
Light him upward to his bed,
Proud that on God's earth do tread
  Still such royal prodigies!
What has mighty Prince to do,
With a vassal small as you,
  Save to pay for feast and song?
"*Ah! your Highness, pardon, pray,*
*If my wife deceased to-day;*
  *She was loving, fair, and young!*"

Some must keep an open door—
  Corpses heed no revel-din;
Who inquires if in the cup
Funeral wine be offered up?
  Death goes out, and Life comes in!
Call for joyaunce, revel, toast—
Who respects convenient Host,
  When his nimbleness is o'er?
Who hath dreamed that to his part,
He, too, brought a human heart?—
  Close the Inn for evermore!

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